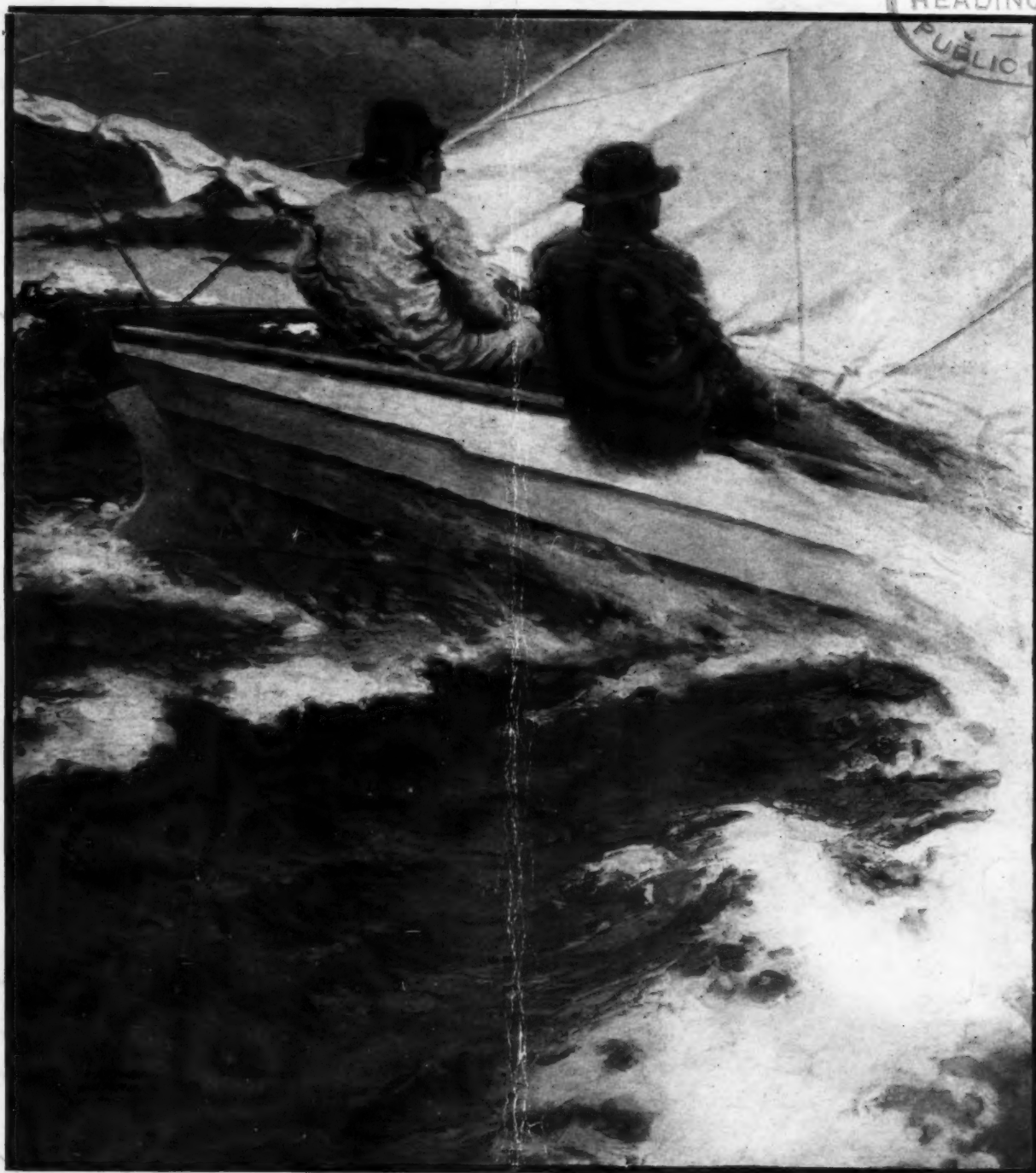


NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Monthly about People

Edited by JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



JULY, 1919

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Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

SINCE Alcock and Brown's direct flight across the Atlantic, Europe doesn't seem far away. A "hop-off" and sixteen hours of time to Europe is surely annihilating space. Two voyages overseas in six months make me feel like a commuter. The achievement of a direct aeroplane flight could not possibly have come at a more appropriate time, when the nations of the earth are trying to come closer together.

After having had a glimpse of the Peace Conference in Paris, with all the strangeness of being in a foreign land amid a babel of tongues, a session of Congress was a most welcome change.

Almost within a year I have visited both legislative houses in Italy, France, Belgium and England, but again I repeat, Congress never looked so good to me as in these stirring days. I was seated by a returned soldier, who would insist upon having his arm on the rail in the Senate gallery, with Doherty after him red hot. He whispered: "You know, they may not all be talking sense, but it all sounds good to me. Just one day in the Chamber of Deputies in Paris makes me appreciate Congress as I never have before." Here were my feelings confirmed. There was a distinct alertness and yet a poise and steadiness in Congressional proceedings that naturally appealed to a returning American. How I wished, as I sat there in my little chair near the press gallery, that the Peace Conference might have been held in Washington. It seemed to me the atmosphere of the American capital—free to a large extent from the distraction of industrial activity, and the memories and traditions of intrigue of other diplomatic struggles might have been an advantage. America entered the war with a whole-hearted and disinterested purpose, and why could not the Peace Conference have been held where the air of disinterestedness was sure to predominate, and where, too, the President of the United States, in all his dignity, would be right at hand at the White House? There might not have been so much of the old-time quibbling and wrangling over

balance of power; for what nation would be better fitted to have been a host to the Peace Conference than this great country of ours? Frankly, this suggestion did not come to me before the Peace Conference—perhaps it was only a day dream suggested as I leaned forward to listen to the League of Nations discussion.

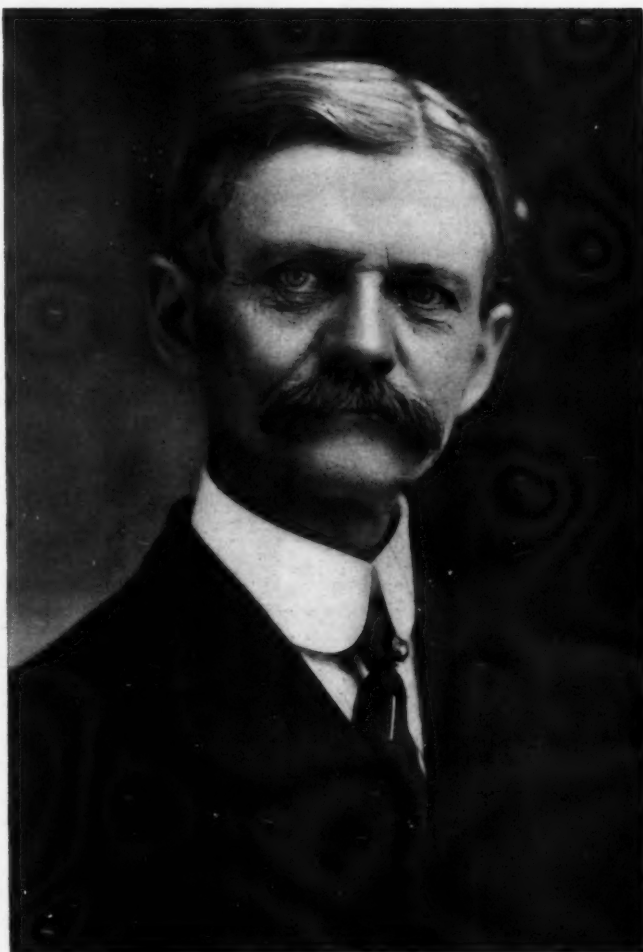
*New Congress Numbers Five
Former Governors on Senate Side*

THE new members have their desks piled high with books. They soon learn how to fuss with their papers in that debonair or diffident way of an old-timer, as if they had occupied the seat for many years. The new Senators number thirteen. Whether it is lucky or unlucky is to be determined. Among them are five former governors. It is remarked that this new class of thirteen in the Senate are men of virility. While unconsciously looking for some of the old faces of the many veterans who have passed on the last few years, the visitor observes that the new Senators are ready for their work with little fuss and feathers, with less strangeness than any new delegation that has arrived in many years.

Congressman Mondell, the Republican House leader, after making a visit to the Senate, remarked, "Representatives at the other end of the Capitol feel that the real show will continue on the Senate side as long as the treaty matters are under consideration."

*First Speech Ever Delivered in
Arlington's Amphitheatre*

EN ROUTE to Fort Myers on a bright Sunday with my friend George Frolich, we missed the right road. "What boot it?" says George—it was Sunday. Guard mount at Fort Myers was the first attraction—an aftermath suggested by the scenes overseas. At Arlington we paid homage to the American soldier and sailor dead, wandering far afield among the monuments. The new amphitheatre built of pure white marble stood out in the afternoon sunlight. The dazzling white pillars—not a color or blemish—seemed to feelingly commemorate the heroic dead—the fallen heroes for years past. Thru the portals of the entrance was



VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL

Who is holding a tight reign on his restive Senatorial team these hot days

viewed the shining Potomac, and the very woods and hills that fascinated the founder of Washington.

No one was permitted to enter the structure—orders from headquarters. With hats in hand we approached reverently. At the rear stage entrance the fallen wooden barriers were a



Washington's
favorite view
of the
broad Potomac

looking Lake Ontario, it seemed as if here was envisioned the birth of the White Eagle of Poland thru the tireless energy of a true patriot, Ignace Paderewski. The legion had been trained by French officers, altho the orders were given in Polish. Recruited from all parts of the United States thru the untiring and zealous efforts of Paderewski and his friends—here began the first tangible movement that led to the re-birth of Poland. When I spoke to them in English, they seemed to understand every word. When I asked the men in the front rank "Where are you from?" their eyes lighted with a knowing look. One said to me, "I know you—we speak English and understand it." There was a gleam of understanding what they were going to France to fight for. In the war the long, almost forlorn, hope of Poland was revived. The Polish Legion seemed to have the spirit of Pulaski and Kosciusko.

Imagine my delight on my arrival in France later to find this same Polish Legion pushing on with the army of occupation. Already the world had witnessed the impressive sight of ships laden

tempting suggestion, and in we walked, innocent and unafraid. George modestly took his seat in the audience, while I naturally mounted the rostrum, and by chance I delivered the first speech ever heard within that classic penotype, and it was brief, but the audience of one was not satisfied. He wanted his chance, so I became his audience. Just as he was well under way, George noticed a guard approaching. We made a quick exit together, while the guard shook his fist at us. He was an old Confederate veteran, but we soon had him convinced that the proceedings were entirely in order; that we were making a professional test of the acoustic properties of this wonderful amphitheater. After a chat, with a warning not to do it again, we passed on our way.

When we heard our voices, in almost a whisper, from the rostrum of this new amphitheater, it seemed uncanny. It suggested that the specters of the heroic dead might here gather in the haunted hours and listen to the words of eloquent speakers, whose lips were long ago sealed in death. Here on the "eternal camping-ground," the amphitheater in the zenith of its glory on Memorial Day, was a forum more endeared to the living Americans than those historic shrines in ancient Rome or Athens, where the spoken word stirred the emotions of the living and reverently preserved the memories of inspiration of the heroic dead.

*More Work for Red Cross
in Reconstruction Than During the War*

GHOSTLY spectres stalk the war-ridden countries of Europe. Pathetic are the figures that show only one-fifth of the total population of Serbia at the beginning of the war alive today. The American Red Cross workers have remained heroically at their post, saving the suffering and struggling people that remained from food famine. They have also checked the ravages of the typhus epidemic, and carloads of material were shipped every day. Some hospitals, with hundreds of patients, had only a handful of instruments and a small amount of medicine. The doctors and nurses died at the rate of hundreds a day for want of supplies. The election of Mr. H. P. Davison as president of the world organization of the Red Cross is a most fitting appreciation of not only his splendid services, but as an endorsement of the efficient activities of the organization during the war. A survey of the world situation indicates that there will be even more work for the Red Cross to do in the aggregate in the days of reconstruction than in the days of destruction and battlefield slaughter.

*Unhappy Poland Sees Dawn of Peace
After Centuries of Travail*

ON the 4th of July, 1918, I found myself on Canadian soil at Fort Niagara, facing the Polish Legion, recruited in the United States. They were attired in the brilliant scarlet of the Canadian militia uniform, preparing to leave that very day for overseas. As they stood at attention on the little knoll over-

with food supplies sailing direct to Danzig, carrying the real message of democracy to the stricken people that they must readily understand. The marvelous work of Paderewski, the leader for liberty, has added more glorious fame to his name than any artistic triumph could ever afford. In his courage and unflagging hope his genius is reflected in his masterful



IGNACE PADEREWSKI

The great patriot as well as great musician

pianoforte playing—compositions pleading with the plaintive music of Poland for the liberty that has come to them thru patriots in America, as American liberty came thru the work of our patriots in Europe.

The soaring White Eagle of Poland has eclipsed the proud black eagle of Germany, and her tyrannous sway upon the heights of her material splendor. The cool-headed executive policy of Paderewski among the conflicting factions of his own country, and his wonderful plea at Paris during the Peace Conference, reflected not only the cry of democracy among his

own people, but echoed the hope of other smaller nations. As Premier of Poland, Paderewski is thoroly permeated with the spirit of the republic which he discovered when he came to America. He was to Poland what Benjamin Franklin and other patriots of America were to our struggling republic during the dark days of 1776. In all these years of triumphs, and later hope and despair, his good wife, Madame Paderewski, has helped with the mission among the American and English people. The returning Polish emigrant under the leadership of Ignace Paderewski were the leaven in the loaf. They returned and told the truth about the United States. What a difference it might have made if Trötzy had told the truth, and not, like the viper, turned and stung the hand that fed him, and betrayed the trust and oath he took when he returned to Russia. There is one thing that nations never forget—and that is a traitor. All hail to Poland—the nation re-born in the light of liberty!

*Elihu Root Has Something to Say
About the Peace Treaty*

WHEN the Foreign Relations Committee hearing opened their session to probe for the leak on the copies of the Peace Treaty, the appearance of Senator Elihu Root as a witness indicated the admiring and affectionate remembrance of a foremost statesman. His testimony was given in a clear-cut and concise way, in the well-chosen words which have characterized his utterances, public or private. His views awakened memories of those stirring days in the War Department, in the State Department and in the Senate, where his genius has left its impress. There is something fascinating in his high-pitched voice, and the very hesitancy of a word now and then brings a peculiar emphasis that clarifies understanding. His comment and amendment on the Peace Treaty have had much weight in saving the Monroe Doctrine from obliteration. After the publication of the Treaty, interest in the hearing was somewhat abated. Newspaper correspondents brought back copies before the ban of secrecy was placed upon them. After all, it seemed more like a mountain than a molehill. There was certainly a mountain of words in the Peace Treaty, and the changes differing from those already published was a veritable molehill.



HON. ELIHU ROOT
*Whose comment on the Peace Treaty
has great public interest*

What would Washington be without its hearings? It is the old tradition followed out. Not so many years ago sessions of the legislature were opened with the cry "Hear ye! Hear ye!" The town crier salutation is now preserved in perpetuity by the "hearing" process.

*Country Loses a Good and Faithful
Servant in Death of Spooner*

THE Panama Canal will remain a monument to the late Senator John Colt Spooner, for it was his intrepid genius that evolved a plan which made this marvelous achievement of engineering possible. His name stands out illustrious in the annals of the United States Senate, and the country mourns the loss of a beloved and brilliant statesman. He was from every standpoint an intensely typical American.

Hon. John Colt Spooner had an interesting and varied career. Born in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, he moved to Madison, Wisconsin, when six years of age, and was one of the early graduates of the State University. When the Indian War broke out he

enlisted as a private in the Fortieth Regiment, receiving some time after the captaincy of the Fiftieth Regiment. His war record showed him a man of initiative and determination, a man impossible to defeat.

Then he became private secretary to Governor Lucius Fairchild and soon after, in 1876, was admitted to the bar. From the start his clear and logical legal mind was recognized. He



THE LATE JOHN COLT SPOONER
Former United States Senator from Wisconsin

won the nickname of "the Little Giant," and was looked upon as the prototype of the brilliant Douglas, ready for "hard-fought battles." His services in the army during the Indian wars and in many hard-fought political battles, marked him as a man of courage and independence. Intensely devoted to his friends, he had a personal following that recalled the days of Clay and Webster. As a debater he had few equals, and his career in the Senate is unsurpassed in splendid achievement. Altho Senator Spooner was offered a position in the cabinet of President McKinley, the honor was declined, and he continued as United States Senator from Wisconsin.

After practically devoting the prime of his life to public service, he resigned in 1903 at the zenith of his fame and power, resuming his law practice in New York, where he was recognized as one of the ablest leaders of his profession.

Many a young man in public life today will count his acquaintance and contact with John Colt Spooner as the most inspiring episode in his life. He never was too busy—altho he had to measure every minute of his life—to help friends and participate in public matters that required patriotic and unselfish service.

*Senate Treaty Discussion Rivals
Rise of Mercury*

EVEN the man in the weather bureau wilted during the summer hot spell in Washington. "This is beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant," he gasped; "you can bake your old Boston beans on the pavement today."

The temperature of the talk in the Senate was in accord with the thermometer outside. The opening guns of the attack upon the League of Nations provided in Paris were fired by Senator

Borah. In an impassioned address he insisted that this League of Nations was surrendering the sovereignty of America.

Naturally the Senators were ruffled when it was discovered that copies of the treaty had been received in this country and discussed before the Senate had even a peep at the document. This precipitated an investigation of the "leak." Despite the President's edict, copies of the Peace Treaty, which had been secured by Senator Borah, were ordered printed by the Senate. The feat of putting one hundred thousand words in type in two hours occasioned a few "little movements" at the G. P. O.

When the Senators received their first copies, they fairly dove into the pages as if it were a Wild West thriller, and then they wore a "dove-like" expression, wondering why all this interest in a very prosaic document that represented a chain of phrases condensed in the usual diplomatic form. There will

not be a word of the fateful hundred thousand that will escape a searching glance.

*Interned Germans
Would Like to Stay*

SOME Germans who had been interned in the United States were discussing the future of the Fatherland. One insisted that South America and Mexico would be the great places for Germans to exploit and regain a place in the industrial sun, altho thousands of Germans are anxious to come to the United States as soon as relations are restored. "We want to remain," he said with emphasis. "We have high hopes that time will wear away the prejudice which exists toward Germany in this country, and that the bitter rancor that lives in France and England will not



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HON. WILLIAM E. BORAH

Senator from Idaho, who precipitated a mild commotion in the Senate with advance copies of the Peace Treaty

thrive many years in the United States. If Germany meets with a sturdy good will the responsibilities and promises of the Peace compact, I believe that the people freed from the burdens of autocratic military rule may eventually establish a system of government and trade which will be drawn together, developing a co-operation that will make Germany again a formidable competitor for world trade. Commerce will not long be sustained on racial or national prejudice." One thing has been determined by the world—that there will be no more wars, and if Germany, under compulsion, lives up to the terms of Peace, she will naturally reap the rewards of such a policy.

The interned Germans, however, seem little interested in ever returning to their native land, altho they were never residents of this country. "You know," he continued, "there is something about the air of the United States that makes you want to stay—even if interned. I feel that the Fatherland will never again be quite the same."

*Commercial Wheat Stocks Three Times
as Large as Last Year*

COMMERCIAL stocks of wheat reported in a survey made by the Department of Agriculture for June 1, 1919, amounted to 51,392,898 bushels. These holdings were reported by 8,684 firms, comprising elevators, warehouses, grain and

flour mills, and wholesale dealers, and represented nearly three times the stocks held by the same firms on June 1, 1918, the actual percentage being 274.5 per cent of the 1918 stocks. The figures refer to stocks actually reported and do not

represent the total commercial stocks of the country, nor do they include stocks on farms.

The commercial visible supply figures, as published by the Chicago Board of Trade for May 31, 1919, show 23,702,000 bushels of wheat, as against 1,146,000 a year earlier. The corresponding Bradstreet figures show 27,626,000 bushels, as against 4,379,000 for 1918. As compared with the same date last year, these figures, as well as those obtained by the more extensive survey, show a very great relative increase in commercial stocks of wheat on June 1, 1919.

The commercial stocks of flour and also the

stocks of corn meal, as had already been reported for the survey, were as follows: Wheat flour, white, 5,653,051 barrels; whole wheat and graham flour, 32,065 barrels; barley flour, 17,822 barrels; rye flour, 165,243 barrels; corn flour, 6,128,427 pounds; corn meal, 40,297,627 pounds; buckwheat flour, 20,351,650 pounds; mixed flour, 15,299,679 pounds. These stocks represent the following percentages of the stocks on hand a year ago: Wheat flour, white, 121.8 per cent; whole wheat and graham flour, 31 per cent; barley flour, 4.6 per cent; rye flour, 31.1 per cent; corn flour, 14.3 per cent; corn meal, 29.1 per cent; buckwheat flour, 326.8 per cent; mixed flour, 158.5 per cent.

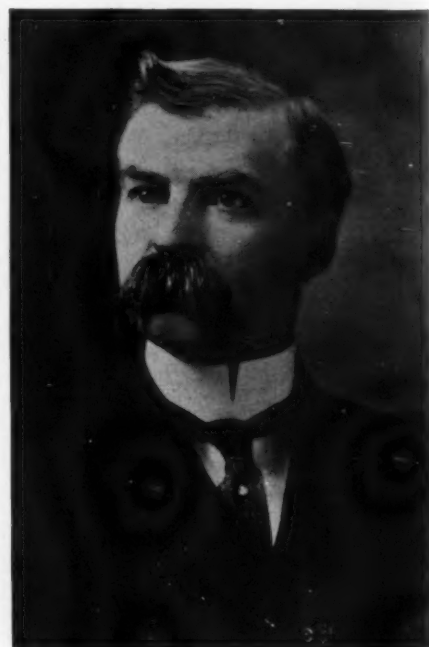
*Vice-President
Holds Tight Rein*

THE leader of the administration, Senator Hitchcock, attired in cavalier white, was ready for the fray, with a gladiator gleam in his eye. The impulsive Borah, sweeping his leonine locks back with both his hands, gave warning that there was to be

another dive into the argumentative pool, and it kept the Democratic Senators on the edge of their seats. Attentive ears listened as words and phrases poured forth at a rate exceeding all speed limits. Senator Lodge would now and then pass



HON. GILBERT M. HITCHCOCK
*United States Senator from Nebraska,
Democratic leader in the forefront of the
Senatorial fray*



HON. THOMAS J. WALSH

Senator from Montana who declared on the floor of the Senate that unless President Wilson insisted upon the consent of Great Britain to the presentation of the cause of the Irish people before the Peace Conference, "the United States shall appear to the disinterested world to be insincere"

among the desks and lay a memorandum before Senator Borah for a counter attack. Senatorial feelings were somewhat ruffled over the fact that former President Taft seemed to have a fore-knowledge of the treaty that was not accorded to members of the Senate. Every phase of the treaty and the League will be covered in relays of Senators assigned for discussion.

Vice-President Marshall insisted upon checking every challenge to stir up unnecessary feeling, and remarked, "I am going to stop this fight right here." When Senator Penrose stepped down from his desk to the floor, fanning himself, it was an indication that all was going well on the "chess board." While the debaters glared at each other across the center aisle like gladiators, grimly determined to extinguish their adversary, there have been few outbreaks of the old-time towering personal rage, or theatrical fisticuff encounters of earlier days.

*Personnel of New Congress Indicates
Old-Time Assertiveness*

THERE has been an inclination during recent years to look upon Congress as a necessary, but unimportant, appendage of government. The personnel of the sixty-sixth Congress is likely to assert itself to such an extent that the people will again realize that the legislative power of the nation still exists under the dome of the Capitol. The galleries were filled with a throng as interested as the crowd on the baseball bleachers. The debate continues lively, if not always illuminating. The atmosphere of the sidelights of the senatorial discussion seldom filters thru the newspaper dispatches. Congressional procedure has been so long "routinized" that a day's doings in Congress have become as perfunctory in its wording as a wedding invitation.

*"About This Time a Long Dry Spell
May be Expected"*

IT seemed like old times with the Liberty hut near the Union Station all ablaze as in Billy Sunday days. Throngs gathered recently to greet William Jennings Bryan, who was in Washington during the convention of the Anti-Saloon League. The peerless leader has lost none of the vigor and magnetism of halcyon days. Delegates were present from all over the world. The Anti-Saloon campaigners are now planning to engirdle the earth. Here were representatives from Italy and many other countries in Europe ready to carry on the campaign on the "American plan." Stirring addresses were made by Englishmen who insisted that the British empire would soon follow with a temperance crusade as an economic as well as a moral issue. The old-time enthusiasm of the early temperance crusaders was apparent. In the rear sat a "doubting Thomas," who would join in the chorus of the "Sweet Bye and Bye," but his mind had wandered to the first of July, for he sang "In the Sweet Dry and Dry."

*Speaker Gillette Signs First
Federal Suffrage Measure*

WHEN Speaker Gillette was signing the suffrage bill, surrounded by those interested—of both sexes—I could not help thinking how appropriate it was that a recently reformed bachelor, who had for many years been considered confirmed and hopeless, should have the honor of signing the first Federal suffrage measure that ever passed Congress, bringing nearer realization the dreams of Susan B. Anthony and the valiant host of suffragettes who have bombarded and besieged Congress with resolutions for many years. Crossing the threshold of Speaker Gillette's room, it was apparent that one of the dreams of his life had been realized, altho he frankly confessed that all during his early career in Congress he had never permitted himself a vision of occupying the speaker's chair. For seven successive terms—nearly one-third of a century—the constituents of Gillette have insisted that in every way he was a real Congressman. Year by year he developed and met the responsibilities of a real representation of the people, throwing his whole heart, soul and conscience into the work.

His address at the opening of the Pan American Commercial Congress, stating that Mexico continued a "plague spot,"

stirred things up and brought a protest to the state department from Carranza's representative at Washington. While it dampened the glow of the "receptive hours," it again appeared that altho the Speaker of the House is shorn of all his committee appointive powers, he is still regarded as the important factor in the government.

There is the same air of business, work, study and investi-



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Whose public greeting at the Anti-Saloon League Convention, in Washington, showed all the old-time magnetic popularity

gation in the Speaker's room that was apparent in the committee room and congressional office of Mr. Gillette. The conferences are many and brief. When he darts across the corridor for the floor with that peculiar swinging sidelong walk, with his body thrown forward, the mace is raised. The honors of speakership and having one of their own members as Speaker is reflected in the admiring glance of the New England delegation, as Mr. Gillette pounds the gavel.

*Roll Call Finds All
Congressmen "Present" These Days*

THREE bells echoing thru the corridors of the House of Representatives means roll call. Congressmen, deep in their delayed correspondence, or snatching an hour's respite from session drag, hear the bell and rush out pell-mell. During the hot days they found retreat from the scorching sun by making the trip in the tunnel to the Capitol building.

The "A's" rush in at a Marathon pace; the "Y's" follow in a leisurely fashion. There is an interest in roll calls that has not been manifested in previous sessions. The people are

beginning to check up the work of their representatives on the roll call. Constituents who want to see Congressmen learn how to lay in waiting at the door opposite the Speaker's room. They file in from the elevator and make a formidable procession.

Each session seems to develop the ability of members having special qualifications for committee work, which means much in a well-regulated Congress. There must be the wasps to annoy the opposition and the oratorical sledge hammers to wield in debate. Little Joe Walsh of New Bedford, Massachusetts, is proving a lively thorn in the flesh of the Democrats.

Every Congress has its *dramatis personae*. It is always well



LOUIS K. LIGGETT

President and Founder of the United Drug Company, one of the foremost American business men whose genius in war activities and public service has made his counsel and direction a power in national and international affairs

cast. There is the leading man, and as someone facetiously remarked, "the leading woman"; there are those who are ungraciously called "sissies," who fuss about little things and overlook big things; but well in the majority, men who have particular sympathies or hobbies for looking after things. Altogether the 120,000,000 people are well represented. Congress is elected by the people and must have some fools represented as well as the wise people.

*Routine Legislation Lacks Interest
of Peace Discussions*

APPROPRIATION bills of billions were passed and other routine matters considered, but the spectators in the gallery and the people of the country were absorbed in the peace proposition. It seemed rather the irony of fate that the public and the Germans should have copies of the Peace Treaty before the Senate of the United States, which constitutionally must ratify, by a two-thirds vote, any treaty that is submitted. Memories of that awful morning of the sixth day of April,

when war was declared, were recalled. The resolution as passed declared "a state of war," and did not declare war on Germany. If Congress should pass a resolution declaring that a state of war did not exist, would that not constitute a peace in itself, as far as this country was concerned? Germany did not declare war on the United States. There are many interesting and intricate questions involved, and seldom can one foretell the significance of a word or phrase in the interpretation of laws or treaties. Despite hot days, the attendance never flagged on the floor or in the gallery. Sweltering July will witness Congress still in the throes of solving and discussing momentous problems.

*And Now the Skyriders
Have a Club of Their Very Own*

IN the old mansion on 98th Street, New York City, which I had been recently turned into a club for aviators in the United States service, I witnessed the opening of the International Air Service Club. It already has a membership of five hundred, all of whom have crossed the line in the air, and the opening of this club was an inspiring reunion of the American aviators. They talked the language of aviation; they recalled incidents and adventures over their cigar and coffee. In this old home, with its stately hall, winding staircase, and evidences of comfort, there was music and dancing. This was, indeed, their very home. But best of all is the home spirit. The idea of the club was an inspiration, and no sooner had the inspiration come than it was acted upon. The club was organized at an aviator's pace. This young club seems already to have the atmosphere of an organization with traditions—for indeed is not history made quickly these days? Here the air men will revel in reminiscences of those flights across the line, where they met the "blue nose" and "yellow nose" German machines during the latter part of the war, that led the alert Americans on to a service which has added a brilliant chapter to the annals of American military history.

*How Prohibition Casts Its Shadow
Before in Angola*

THE adjustment to the coming days of national prohibition is strikingly illustrated in Angola, Indiana. Here there is a club famous for its popularity, where many kindred souls gathered to taste the joys of life at the bar, which dispensed its gin fizzes and other convivial refreshments. Now all has changed. While I was there the members were playing pool and having the usual game of cards. Instead of securing checks for refreshments after every game, they were used as a credit for groceries. When the evening games were over, each man took his little basket home, a sure proof of an evening well spent in the "Shop of Groceries." Savings were invested, because it was popular to carry a basket home. Even the lads in the boarding houses and hotels could not resist the impulse and carried away their can of tomatoes or perhaps a can of peas for the Sunday dinner. In Angola, anyway, the landlady would remark that "Jones brought home the peas" or "Smith brought home the tomatoes." Here was evidence that a royal good time at a club could be enjoyed and yet directed for practical purposes. Who would have thought this possible before the war—to see men coming home from their clubs bearing baskets as proudly as if they were carrying home flowers or other loads. In this differentiating of essential and non-essential, the people will soon practice a thrift in spite of H. C. L. that will help wipe out the frightful waste of war and enable the people to carry the heavy burden of taxation to pay the bills represented in the ravages of bloody strife. "The laughter at the pool tables and in the other rooms seem even more merry than in the early days" remarked the bartender—now wrapping up the bundles until his fingers were torn from the strings. "You know I sometimes feel satisfied when I see the nickels going out this way as I never felt in the old days." This idea originated with Bill Anderson, and bless the memory of Bill Anderson. This is a further demonstration of how the American people, alert and thinking, can adapt themselves quickly to other conditions. Making the most out of those conditions—for every success and fortune that comes is associated with some failure or misfortune, which may be turned to advantage.

Exposition of the Department of the Interior

THE activities of the Department of the Interior, under the direction of its inspired secretary, Hon. Franklin K. Lane, are nation-wide in their scope and importance. Too few of the citizens of this great country realize the debt of gratitude they owe to the indefatigable organization that is continually working, planning, and studying for their individual and collective benefit.

The helpful influence of this department reaches into almost every human activity. Under its watchful supervision are mining, agriculture, fisheries, forestry, road-building, housing, education, irrigation, patents, shipping, homesteads and national parks.

Now, in addition to all these varied interests, the department is turning its war work machinery into peace time uses—beating its sword into a plowshare and formulating plans for reconstruction.

"The world now turns from the brutalities of killing men to the one thing for which the world was made—the making of men. We fought that we might live, that our ideals might have a free soil in which to grow. And with enthusiasm and renewed courage we now turn to those enterprises and efforts which we recognize as the normal life of a civilized people."

With these words, Secretary Lane started in motion the machinery of the most complete exposition of governmental activities ever held in Washington. The exposition is educational in character and is for the purpose of illustrating the varied activities of the Department of the Interior, the part its technical experts played so satisfactorily in war work, and its two most noteworthy plans in reconstruction—the Americanization and the farms-for-soldiers movements.

Mr. Lane continued: "To mark the dividing-line between the days of war and those of peace, this exposition has been created. It is more than a presentation of the daily doings of those who work in this department. It is a symbol of a democracy's life. The soldier and the sailor are to fall to the rear, and in their stead are to advance the engineer and the farmer, the chemist and the miner, the inventor and the teacher.

"It is true that we proudly display here what this civilian department was enabled to do to aid in the conduct of the war. We made gases more deadly than any which other nations had produced. We sought and found a new gas by which the rigid airship could be made safe against explosion and flame. We set the American Indian at work to save the starving Belgians. The training of the geologist in Alaska and Montana was put to use in the planning for trenches in France. There

was no single bureau of this most peaceful of departments which did not make its contribution.

"Before our door for now nearly two years has swung our flag of service. Each week its figures have mounted until now that faded emblem of loyalty carries 2,669 stars. We have not changed it as sun and rain have dimmed the brilliant color of its youth, for 'round its edge there has steadily grown an

ever-enlarging border of those golden stars of glory which group themselves into a golden crown to the lasting honor of this department.

"Yet this exposition is, I hope, not so much one of proud retrospect as it is one of prouder promise. From one end of this corridor to the other you will at each step see evidence—surprising evidence perhaps—that our land is only as yet in the making; that our schools are many, but not as many as they should be; that they are good, but not so good as they should be; that our children are strong, but not so robust as they should be; that our great national parks are already popular, but not so popular as they should be; that our lands yield richly, but not so abundantly as they should; that our acres are many, but are not held by as many farmers as should call them 'home'; that our mines are many and prolific, but not so safe as they should be; that our people are intelligent, quick, purposeful, possibly beyond all other peoples, but that millions are without the primary tools of life in this day of democracy and industrialism—the ability to read or write—and this exposition is to reveal not alone that these things are, but that

their over-coming constitutes part of the task to which we have set ourselves. For the note of our work is hope.

"You will find here three works of art to which I would draw your attention. One is a miniature model of a workman—a blacksmith sitting on his anvil reading a book. This is by the Sculptor French. To me it represents the hope of intelligent labor, a man of muscle perfecting himself by study, growing into a man of informed intelligence. Another is a picture by McCarthy, a brilliant bit of coloring and full of suggestion. It might be entitled 'Going Over the Top,' for above in the clouds is a group of soldiers with bayonets set, emerging from their hiding place, while below is the stalwart figure of an American farmer in the glory of blue overalls and a sunlit hat, holding a plow as he passes over the ridge of a hill. But this might also be entitled 'Forward to the Land,' the soldiers who have done their work with the bayonet now proudly turning to the new work of creation—the essential idea of (Continued on page 283)



The Dallin Statue presented to the Exposition of the Department of the Interior by the sculptor, typifying "Young America." He has done his task abroad and his sleeves are rolled back ready for the great challenge of this country

How America Was Safeguarded

By LOWELL AMES NORRIS

HOW the people of the United States were protected during the war from internal troubles—from riots and unnecessary bloodshed—with a vast silent army, organized with the approval and operated under the direction of the United States Department of Justice, has just been made public for the first time.

The trite axiom that truth is many times more strange than

over two hundred and fifty thousand American business men had become detectives, and in a large measure the shortness of the war's duration is due to their sterling loyalty. Over three million cases passed thru their hands.

Unlike the Vigilants, the Klu Klux Klan, the horse thief detectors, it took no punishments into its own hands. It simply found the facts and then the government acted.

Drawing aside the curtain that until now has hidden the vast and important war operations of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, it reveals powerfully interesting stories of German spies, propaganda, handling of aliens and slackers, and shows how the "A. P. L." helped to secure so many of the convictions of the still remembered I. W. W. trial. Then are given in detail stories of the League's operations in all of the larger American cities in all parts of the country.

Motion pictures and dime novels seem tame in comparison to the actual plots made in Germany and put into attempted operation in the United States. There are cold-blooded tales of bombs cunningly contrived to leave no trace of their existence after explosion, of white slavers who advertised for women to engage in secret service work and the consequent dramatic denouements. Other chapters tell of midnight cameras, of secret inks and codes, of plots devised to send fifteen thousand men to Canada, a smaller number to Mexico, where, in co-operation with disloyal German Americans an insurrection was planned; of notices sent to German-Lutheran ministers all over the United States with directions to belittle this country's war efforts and praise those of Germany.

While business executives formed the nucleus of the A. P. L., men in other walks of life wore the invisible badge. One story is told of a case handled by the Central Division of Chicago. A very prominent Mexican, a revolutionary and political leader with aspirations, had come into the United States. It became necessary to know the reason for his visit. From the time he was located at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, he was in the hands of the American Protective League, altho he never knew it. The boy who took at the door was an A. P. L. operative, the bell hop who responded to his summons was an A. P. L. operative, the waiter at his table was A. P. L., his night taxi driver was A. P. L. In fact, the A. P. L. put Senor Otero to bed, woke him up in the morning, followed his activities during the day and knew what he was doing all night. And the same procedure was followed in thousands of other cases.

Altho the League broke some little laws and precedents, it held up the great need of an unprecedented hour. For example, a man's private correspondence in office files and safe has always been supposed to be safe. It probably was if you were not under suspicion. Yet A. P. L. examined the personal and business correspondence of thousands of men who were never the wiser, and then Mr. Hough proceeds to tell in his inimitable way how it was done to a certain German who has a large office in a down-town skyscraper.

"About midnight or later, after all the tenants have gone home, you and I, who chance to be lieutenants and operatives in the A. P. L., just chance into that building as we pass. We just chance to find the agent of the building there, who just chances also to wear the badge of the League. You say to the agent, 'I want to go thru the papers of Biedermacher, room 1117, in your building.'"

The keys are produced, his desk is opened, so is his vault if it is necessary. Certain letters are found. They would be missed if taken. So the A. P. L. uses other methods, among them the electric camera. One by one the essential papers are photographed, page by page, then returned to the files exactly—and that means exactly—in the place (Continued on page 286)



EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Web," the engrossing story of the activities of the American Protective League

fiction is well borne out in this startling revelation of patriotism, "The Web," which Emerson Hough has written to perpetuate the services rendered the country by the American Protective League. This was a secret order composed of the "live-wires" of the business world, who worked for principle, not excitement, and whose services were volunteered. Before the war was won,

In France at Peace Time

By PETER MACQUEEN

MY first impression when landing at Havre, at the end of March, was of the complete exhaustion of all the combatants except the Americans. These last were not exhausted, but they were being afflicted with high-cost living, petty army regulations, and a desire to get home.

One of the grim humors at Havre was the sight of a number of Chinese laborers directing the work of a batch of German prisoners—former members of the Prussian Guards. The Chinese were hooting and gibing the Teutons. A big change this from the days of the Boxer War in 1900, when the Kaiser told his soldiers to act like Huns in China. I remember meeting the German expedition in the Suez Canal in 1900, with Count Von Waldersee in command, on its way to China to disgrace the very name of manhood.

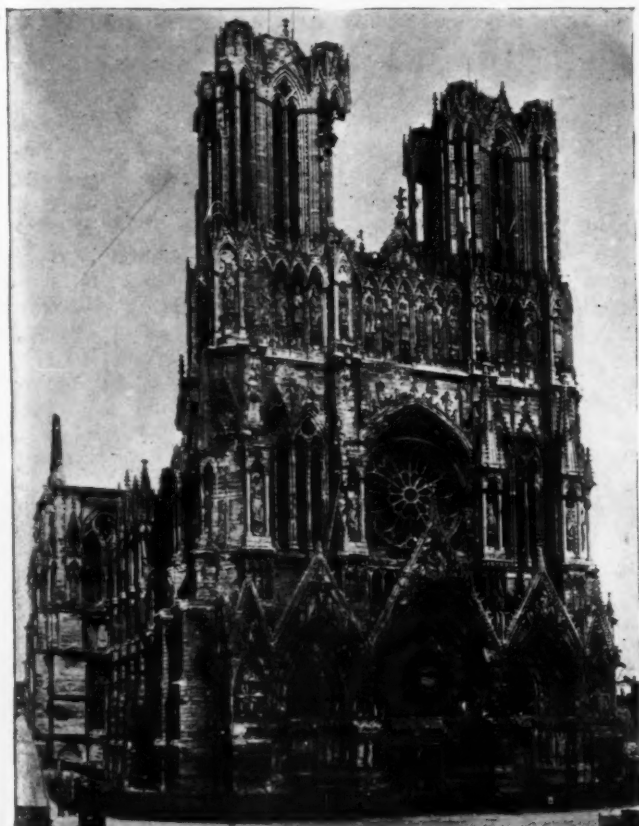
On the express to Paris we had a very good meal for \$1.75. The tip you pay is to the proprietor of the cafe and not to the serving maids. This made me cautious of tips. It is a splendid train and runs, at times, at the rate of sixty miles an hour. I was pleased to see that the finely-appointed cars were all from Germany. Even the German signs were still upon them, such as "Nicht Ranker"—No Smoking. The French were taking what they could from the Hun, while the taking was good. Just so the English have the battle-fleet of Mr. Hohenzollern, and quiet, kindly Uncle Sam has gathered in seven hundred thousand tons of German merchant shipping. And right they are. On Germany be the deep damnation of this war. Around the shadow of dishonor there gathers only grief. Why should

any man care whether Germany is disrupted or not. The world will get along well enough if that nation disappears from history altogether.

All thru the lovely gloaming light of early spring we glided past the pleasant fields of Normandy. The sturdy old men and the patient old women were toiling in the fields with spade and plow and hoe. The cows were lowing before milking time.



The ruined Church of Torcy, where the 26th Division drove back the Prussian Guards. All that is left of the little church is the figure of Christ upon the Cross



The injured Cathedral at Rheims. The right-hand tower is uninjured. The walls are still standing. The foundation is all perfectly sound and solid, and the Cathedral might be repaired, but the city itself is almost absolutely destroyed

Beside the road the primroses and the violets mocked the sun with their modest smiling faces in the grass. The linnet, thrush and skylark—the sweet songbirds of France—were making the air a-bloom with melody.

Our train was delayed at Rouen and we did not reach Paris till one o'clock in the morning. There were two million extra people in the city—exiles and fugitives, prisoners of war, visiting soldiers, legations, and an army of clerks, and writers with an itching pen. We wandered two hours looking for lodgings. At last I met my old acquaintance Senor Bonito, ex-President of Honduras, just arrived from Central America. He also was looking for accommodations for himself and a bevy of very beautiful daughters.

By three in the morning we found one room which the polite Senor could not use, so they turned it over to me. The usual charge had been from seventy-five cents to two dollars. Now it is four to ten dollars.

I slept soundly, and next morning was on the boulevards



PETER MACQUEEN
European correspondent of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE

early. Paris is busy, but she cannot be gay. No, for her heart is in the graveyards of Verdun and the Marne. But she is brave. Her people gallant beyond compare; her temper resilient above all reproach. She is the Niobe of the nations, but she keeps back her tears thru it all.

To find the authorities for passports and information I walked from the Place de la Concorde to the Arch of Triumph. On the great street connecting these, the Champs Elysees (the Elysian Fields) was a wonderful sight—captured cannons for miles. Everywhere in the Place de la Concorde (the noblest square in Europe), in every nook and corner were cannons, and then more cannons. Small trench mortars, long, lean, lithe guns that look like wild beasts ready to leap; guns smashed with Allied shells, guns camouflaged and rusted, guns with broken wheels; some with wooden linchpins instead of iron; guns without leather on the cannoneer's seats; guns that spat fire at Chemin des Dames, guns that whined at Meuse-Argonne; guns that once pointed at the heart of France—guns that will never speak again—the guns of conquered Germany.

These cannons stretch wheel to wheel for

a mile, up to the Arch of Triumph, then surge round the Arch and flow back on the other side of the boulevard on to the Place de la Concorde again. There must be two thousand guns in this one haul—captured German cannon and Hun aeroplanes and tanks—and miles of them at that.

If France is exhausted, what must Germany be like? Am I in a dream? So Sedan and Metz are wiped out at Verdun and the Marne, and 1919 cries justice across the sullen years to 1870.

There was plenty of kindness and courtesy for the truth-seeker. At 37 Rue Bassano I found the American Army Bureau for Visitors. Here I met captains who fought with General Edwards and Colonels who went up San Juan Hill with Roosevelt. As a general thing tourists are not yet encouraged to visit the battlefields, altho Cook's people are beginning to arrange for parties to Chateau-Thierry, Rheims, and Verdun. But my work led me to get close to our army, and Captain H. O. Silsbee, Colonel George Vidmer, and Captain W. C. Howell did everything possible to give me a good look at the battlefields. I want to say at once that all the American officers I met were fine upstanding gentlemen. Criticism has been directed at some officers, and it may be deserved; but I heard and saw everything to commend in our American officers. We came into the war late and on a rush, but our country "plucked bright honor from the pale-faced moon." I will visit the battlefields later; let me speak of Paris today.

The Peace Conference of 1919 in Paris is the most commanding event in the tides of Time. We shall all either greatly win or meanly lose the world's hope of peace and justice at this meeting.

I went to the Hotel Wagram to see Paderewski, Premier of Poland. The door was guarded by two Polish soldiers, with rifles and long bayonets. The Premier was rushed to death with work. We received a kindly handshake, and Madame Paderewski gave us the ideals of New Poland. "We have many grave problems hanging over our beloved Poland," she said, "but we know the great heart and long patience of America. We know that she will always understand us." Whatever may happen in the troubled land of Kosciuszko, there can be no doubt of the grand soul of sincerity in this man Paderewski. No man in all the world tragedy has made more supreme sacrifices than he. Dantzig, Silesia, East and West Prussia are a surging ocean of contending tides and wayward forces, and what the German legates say about them is not all the raving of desperate madmen.

One day, you remember, Orlando left for Italy—bag and baggage. So I went over to the Italian legation. Talking with an Italian who knew a good deal of the inside psychology of the Fiume tangle, he told me this: "The Slavs are unreliable. And there will finally come a Pan-Slav nation. Russia will awake from her nightmare. She will influence Serbia and all the Slavs. Then Fiume would become a Russian outlet on the



A captured German tank in the Place de la Concorde, Paris

Adriatic. How are we to be safe on the Adriatic with this vast, unreliable Slavic Russia at our doors? The Slav is not a civilized man, despite the pleasing illusions of Signor Wilson. No; we must and shall have Fiume." So there you are.

Our Frenchman was much more delicate in his allusions, but he reached the same conclusions as our Italian brother. I asked a prominent French diplomat: "If you find fault with the Fourteen Points of President Wilson, then why did you give him such a grand reception in France?"

"Ah, *Mon Dieu Monsieur*," he replied, "but what else could we do? Your splendid, high-minded America had done so much to save the terrible situation, we were bound to show our gratitude and respect for the great people of the United States, who had used without stint their overwhelming power and resources. Your gallant soldiers had captured more than German trenches; they had taken by storm the soul of France! In honoring your President we wanted your whole nation to know our love and our devotion. But, *pardieu*, the beautiful idealism of the Fourteen Points—oh, well, Monsieur, you know, for you have traveled, they could never be a complete basis for a Peace Treaty so profound, so far-reaching and so complex as this." So it goes.

In going over the same ground with an English statesman of much experience and acumen, I found what I expected—a scholar talking as man to man: "Now look here, my friend, you know," he began, "America and England do pretty much the bulk of the business of the world. You know also that the big things in the Treaty of Peace must, of necessity, be written by the

business men of these two great countries. No other settlement is possible. Germany, you see, is down and out, and a jolly good thing. That leaves the world to America and



Big barkers of the former Kaiser now safely ensconced in front of the Hotel Crillon, where the American delegates to the Peace Conference are housed with Colonel House and Secretary Lansing



MR. MACQUEEN
Standing among the captured German cannons in the Place de la Concorde, Paris

England. You also know that Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George are working for the laboring classes. Very good. We must deal squarely with labor. As for the Balkans and Russia—that's a bad kettle of fish! We shall somehow have to bring about law and order in those various countries. Of course Italy must have her rights, and France and Belgium must be restored. France must be kept strong, for you see that keeps Germany down."

"But what about the Fourteen Points?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, my dear fellow, do not bring up ancient history," my diplomat rejoined. "You are an American. You know what political shibboleths are. What we all want to know most is, will England and America hold together? If they do, that is the only peace worth while." Your Englishman suffers under no delusions!

But Paris at the Peace! A medley of peoples; a bizarre spectacle of unusual sights. Soldiers and sailors and children among the flower gardens of the Luxemburg and the Champs Elysees; Rumanians, Russians, Poles, Italians, Serbians; uniforms of many shapes and colors; the red-trousered *poilu* of France; the maimed soldiers of triumphant democracy; and dominating all, flowing in an endless stream along the streets and squares, and surging down the boulevards—the yellow khaki flood of doughboys from the western world. America demobilizing! In future years Paris shall blossom with the flower-faces of her handsome children. Generations of chattering tourists will profane the battlefields of France, but never again will Paris see such an impressive spectacle as this quiet, self-possessed, efficient and modest figure—the American doughboy—as he goes trudging down the corridors of Time to fame and high romance!

Herb Palin's Rhymes of the Times

"From now I'll can my 'hymns of hate'
And strike a peaceful rhyming gait"

A Business Convention of International Scope



THE call of the "Rexall" has been heard in the land. The fifteenth annual convention of eight thousand Rexall druggists will be one of the most important gatherings of merchants ever held in the United States. It is already recognized as a great "Peace Jubilee." Long before the world war, these conventions nurtured the spirit and allied effort that marks a veritable triumph of the idea in the nature of a "Victory Jubilee."

When Mr. Louis K. Liggett outlined his plan—man to man and eye to eye—fifteen years ago, the dream of the gigantic business organization of today was envisioned at conventions. He was then speaking words of prophecy. Today Rexall druggists are recognized the world over as the most cohesive live-wire organization of retail merchants extant.

There will be a further "look forward" at the Rexall Convention to be held in Boston August 19 to 22. It is more than a national gathering. The attendance of Sir Thomas Robinson, former Lord Mayor of Queenstown, managing director of the thirteen Rexall stores of Hayes, Conyng-ham & Robinson, Ltd., of Dublin, and a director of the United Drug Company; Mr. Edmund S. Carpenter, a director of the United Drug Company, and managing director of Henry Hodder & Co., Ltd., of Bristol, England, who also operate thirteen Rexall stores; and Mr. Edwin Thompson, a director of the United Drug Company, and general manager and principal owner of Thompson & Capper, of Liverpool, England, gives an international aspect to the convention.

The manager of the Liverpool branch of the United Drug Company, Mr. William C. Church, will also be present. This will give the Rexall dealer from the remotest section of the country an opportunity to come in personal contact with those who handle the same line of goods far over seas, and to get the world-wide point of view.

It will be more than a convention. The officers and directors of the United Drug Company in the United States, and representative Rexallites from every state in the Union and the Canadian provinces will be present, which will provide an opportunity, never known before, for getting a perspective of their business in the light of others' experiences, which is just as essential in the small towns as the



EDMUND S. CARPENTER

large city, or in the transformation of a chemist shop or apothecary of Great Britain to a Rexall store.

Held in the ideal month, in the ideal environment—the hot August days, in the ideal playground of the world—the convention will be more than a discussion of business. It will include trips to all points of historic interest, outdoor sports, entertainments in Symphony Hall—a general "get together"

that mere adjectives are inadequate to describe. The spirit of Rexall will be rampant. Every angle of salesmanship, new business methods of merchandising in its broadest aspects, will be talked over in that colloquial way that is bound to bring the light of real understanding.

The brilliant records of previous Rexall conventions this year will set a new pace to meet the great wave of current expansion and growth that is coming. Fifteen years ago Mr. Louis K. Liggett launched his great idea with a convention. Year by year he has been able to bring his stockholders in close personal contact during these days of fellowship, frolic, and fun. Many Rexall dealers have insisted that the greatest event of their entire business career is the Rexall clan gathering in Boston—the birthplace and home of the United Drug Company. Many a merchant, young and old, has gained, thru these conferences, the inspiration that marked a dividing line between success and greater success. You can always tell whether or not a Rexall dealer has attended a convention in Boston. There is a sparkle and look in his eye that tells the story—if he has been there—memories are awakened. As one Rexallite remarked: "It is just like getting right up to the real source of things, and I would no more think of missing the Rexall convention than I would think of going without insurance."

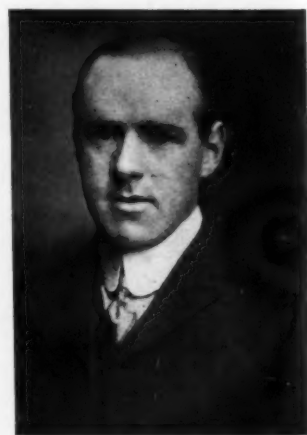
As entertainers, the Rexallites are pronounced by Sir Thomas Robinson as in a class all by themselves—and this is his third visit to the United States. Every time they are bigger "eye-openers." He insists, "I have never attended any gathering where was revealed so much enthusiasm and the spirit of brotherhood, which you Americans rightly call 'co-operation'."

The attendance will far exceed that of any previous year, for the Rexall druggists are beginning to feel that this is more than a mere pleasure trip. It is an opportunity to join their stockholders in a "Peace Jubilee" that presages an era of the greatest development in business ever known. Some are even indulging in new honeymoon suit cases. They are going to make this a regular trip to Boston town—one never to be forgotten—a life memory all by itself.

The carefree and alert spirit of the American convention is the alluring attraction that has brought the English delegates from far overseas. The classic shades of Symphony Hall, the fascinating atmosphere of tent and field, will be the scenes of relaxation and real enjoyment and inspiration that makes this August week a lively six days of exhilarating remembrance—an occasion truly appropriate of the Peace which it commemorates and the prosperity it foreshadows in the realm of Rexalldom.



SIR THOMAS ROBINSON



EDWIN THOMPSON

War Nursing *with* Queen Elizabeth

Thrilling Experiences of the Daughter of an American Commodore in the War-front Hospitals

By MITCHELL MANNERING

If every one who has been overseas, there is an appeal in the very atmosphere of Mrs. Isabel Anderson's experiences in "Zigzagging." The covers are radiant in the horizon-blue of the French, and appropriately associated with that color are narrated some inspiring incidents of the war. When Mrs. Anderson writes, you feel that it is something worth while, for her words have the charm of the experienced traveler and observer, and an appropriate personal tastefulness in their make-up gives a sense of association with the author.

The story is dedicated to her co-workers in canteen and hospital work during the war, both here and "overseas." She indulges in a preface, old-fashioned as it may seem, and the preface in itself is a tabloid survey of women's work, and includes a glimpse of the history of woman's great work in war.

The author's experiences in getting started for Europe bring a smile of reminiscent sympathy to all who ran the gauntlet. Her description of the voyage in war times furnishes a suggestion for the title. There is a wealth of detail in the narrative that furnishes interesting sidelights in the chronicles of the war. The scene of two candles in old bottles at her improvised writing desk made of traveling bags, furnishes the right kind of setting for the beginning of a story of the war in Paris during the days of bombs and "Big Berthas."

The description of the hospital, written in her attic room, indicates that she had gone about her work with the grim determination of measuring every minute in finding out about the hospitals in and around Paris. Her description of the details of hospital life are unexcelled. In describing the methods of operation and the application of new solutions and new appliances, she has made it more clear to the lay mind than any medical writer could hope to do. Naturally the book has a special appeal to those familiar with the scenes where she worked. Her splendid description of the first work at Epemay is a thrilling panoramic picture of those hot, trying days in September when General Foch made that wonderful dash between the marshes of Saint-Gond and La Fere Champenoise, and turned a fateful day in history in the battle of the Marne.

That canteen on the Marne is one of the succession of pictures that reveals the dauntless courage and worth of women workers in the war. The author was there associated with Miss Lansing, sister of the Secretary of State, and with a woman's instinct describes it faithfully, even to the orange-colored camouflage grass hanging from the roof. They soon made the war retreat quite gay with pretty posters and curtains at the windows, and yellow lamps suspended from beams. Here this canteen was

filled with poilus in blue uniforms and presented a fascinating war picture, where sixteen American women, serving three or four in a shift, were truly forging out a real war experience. Mrs. Anderson quotes from her journal, written on the spot, a tribute to the poilus in blue and she reproduces in detail one of the songs they sing, "Ma Marrairie! Chanson de Poilu, par Griff," and tells of the curious questions asked of the American women as to why they were there, which furnishes a real glimpse into the canteen where they breakfasted on George Washington coffee and crackers.

There is a real war thrill in her description of her experiences in entrenched Rheims and her difficulty in getting about. The lace-like shell of the cathedral at Rheims is described as more beautiful in days of distress than in days of splendor. The ruins are a part of the picture where the bang and whizz of gas shells, with dogs barking and wounded men screaming as they passed in ambulances, give it the semblance of a personal narration.

The incident of cleaning twenty-four tables at twelve o'clock at night and again while the moon was still shining at seven in the morning indicates something of the arduous activities of her work. Then, too, walking down the black street alone in the pouring rain, and later curling up on a bench in the dark railroad station waiting for the train, conveys in a way a description of those wartime night scenes that can never be forgotten. Later she was transferred to Auto-Chir No. 7, which was the beginning of her real hospital service. Attired for duty in a white dress and veil, and for street wear, a navy-blue serge dress with a blue veil having a French cockade on the side, a blue cape with brass buttons and the red cross, she shows pardonable interest in the charm of the costume.

Celebrating Christmas in real hospital work, in her journeys she throws in those sidelights that make events seem closer. When she mentions Cugny Noyon you are reminded it is the ancient town where Charlemagne died and John Calvin was born. She grimly describes the hospital buildings at Cugny as a cross between racing-stables on a track and a Japanese Shinto temple, with a slight resemblance to a logging camp.

The vital human interest of the story begins where she came

in contact with wounded men, bandaging the ghastly wounds and injecting Dakin Solution, which the soldier called his "telephone." It was at night the nurses had the most unpleasant duty, going the rounds in the dark, draughty corridors amid the dead and the dying, for here they lived in the tremor of life and death.

A thrill naturally came to this American nurse when she received a telegram from the King and Queen of Belgium



ISABEL ANDERSON (MRS. LARZ ANDERSON)
Author of "Zigzagging," in the nurse's costume which she wore while in hospitals on the western battle front, serving with Queen Elizabeth of Belgium

inviting her to visit the Belgian headquarters. While her husband, Mr. Larz Anderson, was Minister to Belgium, Mrs. Anderson became a warm friend of the Queen, and made many friends in that country. Naturally she felt she wanted to see Belgium again in the splendid days of her great sacrifice. Paddling thru the mud and getting her ticket at Ham, as the sun came up in a rose-pink sky, are scenes and incidents of trench days—*c'est la guerre*.

In the darkness Calais was constantly bombed by air raids. She was taken in the King's motor to La Panne while searchlights were playing in the heavens looking for hostile aircraft. The trip to La Panne is thrillingly described. Her bag had gone astray and she appeared in the King's house, a pretty villa some two miles from La Panne, in a simple blue nurse's uniform. The King and Queen received her in the little sitting room; the King clad in khaki with the black and red collar and the stars of the commander-in-chief of the army. The Queen wore a simple white gown and no jewels. She describes in her delightful way the visit with the King and Queen of Belgium under the tension of war, and it was here arranged that she should later return for service in the Ocean Hospital at La Panne.

In the work of this hospital with the Queen of Belgium, Mrs. Anderson certainly has had an experience that richly entitles her to the decoration she received. Day after day she stood watching and helping in that wonderful work, but it is all told in such an earnest, modest spirit that it cannot be told in other words than her own. The River Yser, Dixmude and those tragic scenes so familiar to the traveler in the days following the armistice, she describes under the war-time spell.

associations at Wimereux recalled the site where Napoleon called an army to invade England in 1804. A few miles away was Guisnes, where was displayed the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Her description of Belgian Libre, that little part of Belgium that did not fall into the hands of the Germans, is most interesting. There is an enthusiasm in the recital of her work in



AMBULANCE DRIVERS ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT

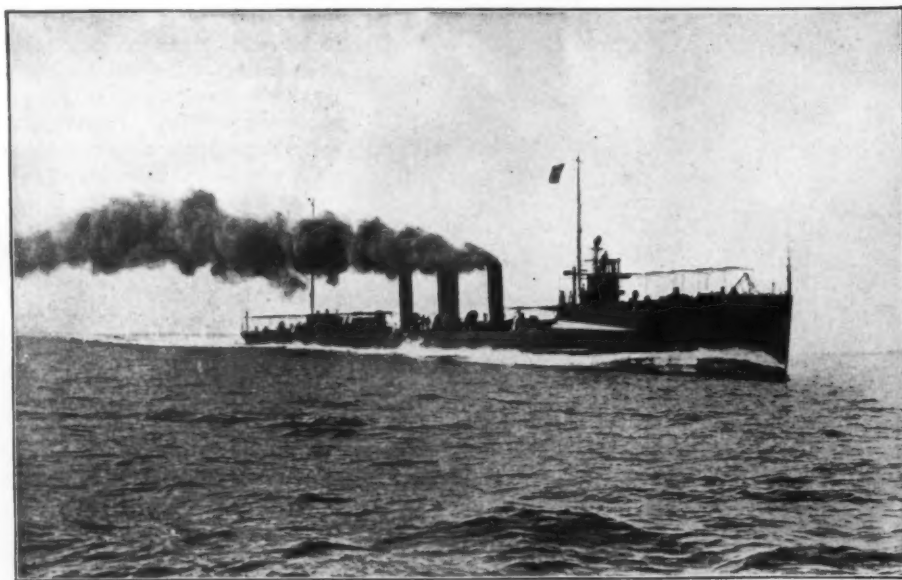
the Ocean Hospital, and in town and trench life that reflects Mrs. Anderson's love for the Belgian people in years past, and the splendid relief work she carried on for them in America before the United States entered the war.

The various bugle calls that awakened her every morning are given in musical score, and the large villa on the beach where the King and Queen lived when they first came to La Panne is charmingly described. All this seems to me especially vivid because it was on the first days of the new year, 1919, that I visited Ostend, Zeebrugge, Brussels and La Panne, the places so graphically described with all the tenseness of wartime.

They were gallant fellows, those French and Belgian soldiers, and on the cuff of the nurse they indulged in such gallant phrases: "The happy wounded!" "No laundry can wash out my love!" "A cuff on the wrist is better than one on the ear!" This little town of La Panne, getting no distinction in war dispatches, was, after all, a most strategic point in holding Belgian Libre from falling into the hands of the invader.

The front line trenches and the marshes of the Yser described amid everyday incidents of wartime are thrilling. The notes written on the radiator pipes in the corner of the operating room of the Ocean Hospital is a record of dramatic interest. The description of operations and life at a hospital is, perhaps, the most vivid record that has been furnished by any writer of hospital events during the war. Even to the discussion of using silver plates to connect broken bones, she enters into detail. While fearlessly

sitting in the little clubhouse for the nurses, otherwise known as the "Clock," which looked like a doll-house, she was astonished to find later sitting at the table the Queen of Belgium clad in a simple white cloth suit and white hat. The Queen, attired in a rubber apron, cotton over-shoes and rubber gloves, often went into the operating room, and assisted in dressing wounds for the soldiers. It was not at all pleasant



UNITED STATES DESTROYER "PERKINS"

Named for the late Commodore Perkins, the distinguished father of the author of "Zigzagging"

Of the twenty-two base hospitals of the American Red Cross, five were back of the English lines, and these hospitals are described with a sympathetic pen. She pays a tribute to Dr. Depage, head of the Belgian Red Cross, and the "Waacs," as the women workers of Britain were called. She calls attention to No. 13, the American hospital, where Dr. Harvey Cushing was conducting wonderful operations on injured heads. Her

to see the wounded men biting their blankets and moaning, but the Queen with her cool nerves and sympathetic face proceeded with all the masterfulness of a surgeon. Nothing seems to have escaped the author's observing eye, and the



QUEEN ELIZABETH

description of the schools conducted under bombing conditions has its humorous side.

It was no wonder that on that last night of her stay in La Panne the writer felt sad in leaving a place associated with such tragic, yet tender, memories. Here Mrs. Anderson received the decoration from the King, the "medal of Elizabeth." There the American spirit of the author asserts itself when she writes of a visit to Pershing's army.

The drive had be-

gun at Campiegne and all the stations behind the trenches had to be evacuated the first thing. Her description of those days near Campiegne come home to us with redoubled pathos, where she describes men with legs and arms broken, and that out of eight brought in early one night five died before the gray dawn. This scene repeated many times along the line tells the story of French, British and American valor.

The air raids were many and lively in Paris, and the mysterious long-range cannon, nicknamed "Bertha," was beginning to get in her work. The alarm was more terrifying than the raids; fire engines went whistling, wailing, shrieking thru the streets, frightening the inhabitants. Usually the alarm would sound late in the evening, and the dark corridors of the hotel would swarm with strangely-clad people—women in wrappers, with their hair flying, and funny fat men in striped pajamas.

There was a full moon the week of Mrs. Anderson's stay in Paris, so there was a raid almost every night. She went to the theater three times, but each time the signal came before the play was over, and the curtain was dropped. There was never any panic in the audience. People calmly got up and



BELGIAN WAR DOGS

sauntered out of the theater, while the band continued to play as if nothing were happening. They would make their way home as best they could, in the dark. They always managed to have a little supper waiting in her sitting-room at the hotel, and she would sit there while the raid went on.

Mrs. Anderson's room was on the top floor, which is supposed to be the most dangerous, and she was told that it was better to go downstairs, not only when the raids were on, but when the big gun began its day's work. But it is especially annoying, if you are very tired and sleepy, to have to wake up at five in the morning and go down to the ground floor. For three days she did it with the others, but after that stayed in bed and had her coffee there. Afterwards the Ritz was struck by a bomb, and this room of hers quite demolished.

Few authors have a more gentle art of relating a story of travels. Even her trip back to England, mingling with "No



BEFORE THE CELLAR HOUSE AT PERVYSE

(Left to right) Lieutenant de Young, Captain Cresson, Mrs. Anderson, General Drubbel, Baroness de T'Serclaes, Miss Chisholm

Man's" children—the little orphans—has that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. The camouflaged fleet and the description of those gray days in London in wartime, and of various hospitals in England, all are matters of intense interest, but when she describes the sea voyage and the destroyers, one of which was named for her distinguished father, the late Commodore Perkins, it shows that the sailor's lass was at home on the deep. The journal of a naval officer on board a destroyer, entitled "It's a Great Life," is included in the book.

The appendix in this book should not be "removed"—no matter what the doctor says. It is filled with interesting information, a sort of tabloid encyclopedia in itself. The writer reveals a sterling New England fidelity in her record of facts, and when I completed the book I found the maps fore and aft on the covers, showing the travels and cruise of the daughter of the American commodore, with the sign of a compass as the seal and hallmark. Here is one volume among thousands being printed that belongs in every library with contemporaneous books on the great war, and what library is complete without these books—so there.

"Zigzagging" is a volume that directs its course toward the haven of the reader's heart interest. It glows with the witchery of those moonlight nights when the bombs and submarines lurked in the shadows, but when there was safety in "Zigzagging" at high speed.



KING ALBERT

The Rich Little Poor Girl of Filmland

By MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE

ONE must be a girl, born on the sunny side of Mason and Dixon's line, and have a black "mammy" for a nurse in early childhood in order to acquire the illusive, indescribable, inimitable, soft little Southern drawl that soothes the ear like the muted tinkle of soft-toned Burmese temple bells when you hold converse with Miss Lorraine Harding.

Being a mere man—of New England ancestry back to the time of the Revolution, and beyond—only the happy circumstance that your own childhood days were passed in the sunny Southland enables you to localize that accent. Therefore you are quick to grasp its significance, and you smile engagingly and exclaim, "Why, howdy, Mis' Harding—how are you all?"

Then you are rewarded with a quick glance of amused recognition from a very wide-open pair of hazel eyes, a quaint old-fashioned ante-bellum curtsy, and the mocking response, "We all are right well—thank you kindly," from Miss Harding, and the conversational ice is effectually broken.

Your first suspicion is quickly confirmed, and you learn that she was indeed born in "Old Virginny," land

Where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow.

You also learn, somewhat to your dismay, that "interviews" are foreign to Miss Harding's scheme of existence, and that while she is ready to talk entertainingly and enthusiastically of her work before the camera, she is strongly averse to talking about herself.

Therefore, you endeavor to forget entirely any ulterior motive, and compose yourself to thoroly enjoy a simple old-time Southern "visit."

Presently you begin to get some illuminative side-lights on why this little twenty-year-old brown-haired girl has within two years come to be known to the moving picture profession as "the girl with a thousand faces." For only a child who has been crooned to slumber with the wordless, tuneless melodies that had their genesis in far-off throbbing African jungles in ages past, and whose waking hours are filled with tales of "hants" and voodooes and the weird Afric version of the Creation and the Flood, and all the rest of that strange jumble of superstitious lore that all black "mammys" so delight in, can view the great world into which they presently emerge with such wide, round-eyed wonder and delight, and find it such an enchanting place, with romance and adventure lurking round every corner.

So naturally you are not surprised to hear Miss Harding confess that she loves the

great outdoors, and that she adores all outdoor sports, as well as books and music, and that she loves to meet people and to "know" folks because she finds them all so interesting.

You quickly sense the keynote of her success in the silent drama, in her vivid and intense interest in life, which makes the days too short for the "bushel" of things she would love to do outside of her profession. For there is apparently no such word as "like" in the bright lexicon of her young life. She "loves" things, or "adores" them, wholeheartedly, spontaneously, with a vivid zest in living that imparts the roseate glow of romance to the most commonplace situation, and drapes the most mediocre of personalities with an aurora of alluring interest. A primrose on the river's brim suggests to her the gardens of Araby and purple sunsets and temple bells.

And so she lives vicariously the life of each character she portrays before the camera, and thinks and feels, as well as looks the part, which invests the filmed record of her mimicry with the heart throbs of actuality.

And yet you have the uneasy feeling that Miss Harding cannot be a real, honest-to-goodness moving picture actress, because surreptitious peering into the hidden corners of her "homey" little apartment on Morningside Drive fails to reveal evidence of any of the "fads" you instinctively associate with the artistic "temperament."

There are no sneezing, bleary-eyed chow dogs—detestable little beasts—sniffing at your shrinking ankles, no chattering parakeets, no supercilious angora cats curled up in the most comfortable chair—in short, no outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual temperamentality observable to your inquisitorial eye. Nothing but sunlight, books and music—and photographs. You learn that Miss Harding is a devotee of the camera—tho even that is not a "fad" with her, for when she found that the outdoor pastimes that claimed her attention in the sunny Southland were not practicable in New York, she turned to outdoor photography as a substitute, and finds it not only an interesting and enjoyable pastime, but a help in her work as well, because thru her study of lighting, and the mechanics of photography, she has learned enough of motion picture photography so that the most temperamental camera man cannot fool her on a set.

Your last illusion vanishes when guarded questioning impels Miss Harding to the ignominious confession that she has not even adopted a regiment, and that she never lost a diamond necklace in her life.

So eventually you come sadly away without having obtained your contemplated "interview."



MISS LORRAINE HARDING



yet cheered somewhat with the feeling that she is the "rich little poor girl of Film-land"—rich, that is, because of her youth, which, in itself, is a possession beyond price, and because of her infinitely inexhaustible capacity for appreciation of the hidden romance of existence. And it is distinctly disconcerting to realize that with it all she is just a simple, natural, spontaneously enthusiastic young girl—like your daughter and mine.

In the group of photographs shown above is indicated somewhat of Miss Harding's versatility in the portrayal of

widely-divergent roles. It requires, however, the observer's witnessing the delineation upon the screen of her many characterizations in order to fully grasp the significance of her remarkable artistry. Humor, pathos—the entire range of human emotions—are convincingly depicted in her character interpretations before the camera.

Miss Harding possesses in fullest degree the genius that consists in the capacity for taking pains, and endows each character that she portrays with the similitude of naturalness that bespeaks the highest art.

In the Press Gallery where Dickens Wrote



WHILE walking over the historic walls of the city of Chester, in England—walls built by the Romans—we looked far up the River Dee toward Hawarden Castle, where lived and died Gladstone, the grand old man of England.

Naturally our talk drifted toward the towering figures in Parliament in Gladstone's day. My friend Alexander Paul was a parliamentary reporter for many years. He wrote upon the desks where Charles Dickens had begun his great career in reporting Parliament, which is usually in session during the night. I asked Paul to write me something for the readers of the NATIONAL concerning some of the men great in debate whom he had met and heard in halcyon days of parliamentary reporting. His letter tells the story:

"Fox Covers,"

Lower Bebington, Cheshire.

My Dear Mr. Chapple,—

Perhaps it was two or three stories of Lord Beaconsfield which you heard from my own lips that suggested parliamentary reminiscences. He was, of course, a very prominent figure in our Parliamentary history. No one is ever conscious of growing age until young men, and still more disagreeably, young women treat him as old; and one of the nastiest and most convincing proofs that I am no longer a chicken is the astonishment of my younger friends when they hear that I often saw and frequently heard that statesman. I first saw him at a great political meeting in Manchester, when he was still Benjamin Disraeli, at which he compared the ministers of the government he was opposing to "a row of exhausted volcanoes." Of many thousand sentences uttered by him on that occasion one has remained impressed on my memory all thru the intervening five and forty years, and is a good specimen of the Disraelian style. Balancing himself on his toes and marking the rhythm of his words by strong voice inflections, he said: "Your flag floats o'er many waters, and your standard waves in either zone; it is the inviolate island of the sage and the free."

About the same date he received addresses from a large number of societies whose members had marched in a procession, remarkable for its length, thru the streets of the city of Manchester to the Pomona Gardens, since transformed into one of the Manchester Ship Canal Docks. A venerable member of, let us say, "The Chowbent Sick and Burial Society," presented an address. "Thank you, my man," said Disraeli in solemn tones, "may you never be sick or buried."

A few years later I heard Mr. Disraeli's latest speeches in the House of Commons and also the memorable oration which he delivered in the House of Lords on his return from negotiating the Treaty of Berlin. When he went to the House of Lords as Lord Beaconsfield there was great public curiosity as to his reasons for retirement from the House of Commons. I heard him explain them to his constituents at a farmers' dinner in Aylesbury in these words: "My private secretaries were more discreet than Gil Blas; but I, gentlemen, am not so conceited as the Archbishop of Grenada." It is safe to assume that not one in a hundred of his agricultural audience understood the allusion; but on such occasions as these a Prime

Minister does not consider himself as speaking to a purely local audience. He is addressing, thru them and the press, a much wider circle. It so happened that at that time I was devoting some of my scanty leisure to the reading of French, and, by good luck, one of the latest books I had read was Le Sage's "Gil Blas." So I was familiar with the story of Gil Blas's unhappy adventure as Secretary to the Archbishop of Grenada; how he had at first pleased his master by retailing to him all the fine things his hearers said about his eloquent sermons; how the Archbishop made him pledge himself that if anything of a contrary tendency should come

to his ears he would be equally faithful, so that the preacher should have due warning of any falling off in his powers; how, when the Archbishop, after an illness, really did fail, the Secretary honestly kept his pledge; and how he was then promptly sent about his business by his mortified master. I remember that, among all my fellow-journalists but one, who was thoroly well acquainted with French literature, I gained undeserved credit for my purely accidental familiarity with the subject of Lord Beaconsfield's allusion.

One other recollection throws light on Disraeli's distinguished manner of speech and the dryness of his humor. In the great contest between him and Mr. Gladstone in 1874, for the Premiership, he brought some accusation against his opponent based upon an alleged neglect of national interests in the Straits of Malacca. Mr. Gladstone made fun of this accusation by quoting some doggerel lines supposed to have been sent to him on the subject. Mr. Disraeli began his answering speech in these words: "I suppose I ought to begin by addressing you in prose." He then recited the doggerel that had been flung at him and gravely said: "You see, gentlemen, the result of devoting your days and your nights to the study of Homer." No doubt it is well known in the United States that Mr. Gladstone was a great classical scholar.

Parliamentary oratory has greatly declined since these days. The rhetorical style is not in vogue. Direct and businesslike speech is more in accordance with the tastes and conditions of the time. Mr. Asquith, however, has a fine gift of forensic eloquence and yet never wastes a word. Mr. Lloyd George can sway the House of Commons and popular audiences with his particularly persuasive tongue, and especially with the picturesque faculty that belongs to his Celtic temperament. I remember how he scored a great point at an education meeting when ridiculing the making of appointments according to the church to which teachers belonged. He asked his hearers to test this system by applying it to any other public service. Selecting the Navy, he went thru the various classes of ships, imagining that only a member of the Church of England could qualify for the command of a dreadnaught, and so on. At the end of the list, with an appearance of hesitation he said, "Or a Baptist in charge of a submarine boat." I do not believe that this happy collocation was premeditated. I think it came spontaneously, and evoked a shout of hearty laughter.

Mr. Balfour is a powerful controversialist, but is better to read than to hear, as he picks (Continued on page 283)



ALEXANDER PAUL

An Appreciation of Frank W. Woolworth

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



WHEN I spent the week end with Frank W. Woolworth at his new home, "Winfield Hall," Glen Cove, New York, I little dreamed that in a few months he would pass to his eternal home. During that visit there was revealed to me the soul of a great merchant. He took me to the upper story, where were hung photographs and reminders of the days of his youth. His eye gleamed as he told me the story of his early days in Jefferson County, New York. The son of a farmer, there in that palatial mansion he stood before the reminders of father and mother, and the pictures that had hung in the old home held for him an interest not surpassed by the valuable paintings in his art collection. Here, overlooking the Sound, and the beautiful estate, Mr. Woolworth was back on that farm at Great Bend, where his ambition was to become a clerk in the general store. Here also were the reminders of the Civil War days, when as a lad of eight he recalled the day when the news came to that desolated farm home that Lincoln was dead.

It was a sturdy youth who entered the Commercial College at Watertown, with the ambition growing to be a good clerk. He knew what it was to hunt for a job, and finally secured one with Augsbury & Moore. After three months he received the generous salary of \$8.50 per week. In the meantime he was serving an apprenticeship for a merchandising career unparalleled. A salary of six dollars was looked upon as riches, but ten dollars was magnificent, and this, after years, brought the recognition that he was a real merchant.

At one time the query was put up to him: "What more can you do to earn your salary?" So he selected a small table and a little space upon which he put goods, with a card inviting customers to take their choice for five cents. The table was cleared the first day. This was the birth of an ideal that has resulted in business amounting to millions of dollars a year, and has identified the name of "Woolworth" with the five-cent stores of the world.

The five-cent store which he opened in Lancaster was the first pronounced success, following a heart-breaking failure at Utica. One-third of the stock was sold on the opening date, and for forty years this first store has continued, later adding the ten-cent lines, making the business the hyphenated "five-and-ten-cent store."

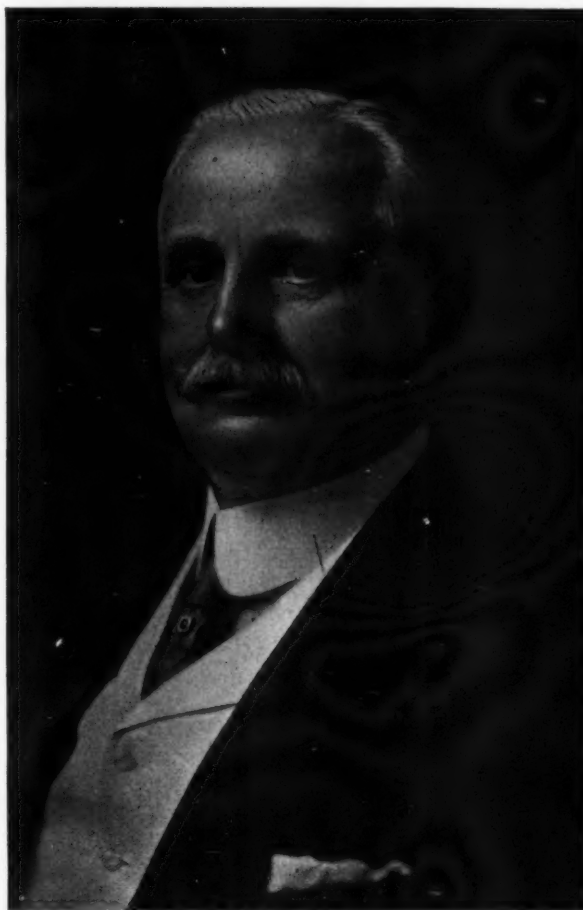
His brother, C. S. Woolworth, with whom he had sold goods over the old dining-room table, joined him in ventures at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The stores multiplied and proved very magnetic to draw the nickels and dimes, and later his cousin, S. H. Knox, joined him. Later Mr. F. M. Kirby added another chain of stores. In this constructive period his right-

hand lieutenants, Carson C. Peck and Charles C. Griswold, helped steer the leviathan business craft during these critical days. When I received a letter from Mr. Woolworth after the death of these two men, I realized how much he appreciated all his associates.

It is not often realized that this business was evolutionized after it had passed thru many crises, but in every crisis there was the firm hand of Frank W. Woolworth. In all deliberations his favorable utterance was: "There must be some way out."

When I first met Mr. Woolworth he showed me his early account books, in which every nickel and dime was accounted for. Then it was long after business hours, and he had visions of the Woolworth Building. He built the building as the business was built—with a firm hand—and it is said to be the only large building in New York that is free and clear of all mortgages or encumbrance.

The distinctive red fronts of the Woolworth stores, standardizing of stock buying, the stabilizing of these articles, with the common every day necessities, and most of all, the compensation of every man in the company, from executive to store manager, paid in accordance with the earnings, were logically worked out by Mr. Woolworth. The old adage of "goods well bought are half sold" is illustrated in the buying system that Mr. Woolworth established. It was a question of making quantity and co-operation reduce the price to the consumer. From the store on Fifth Avenue to the one in the remotest hamlet, there is the uniform system that always attracts customers to the five-and-ten-cent stores, where over thirty-five thousand employees wait on the public. In the



From steel engraving by J. J. Oade, New York

F. W. WOOLWORTH

1,039 stores, the same machinery, the same simple process of running a store, as invented by Frank W. Woolworth, is used. He had a way of saying "Nothing doing." He knew the art of buying. He had also from earliest childhood the instinct of knowing how to sell goods thru others. Then, too, there was some genius in his financing and organization of the large corporation that gave him a position among the financiers of the country, where the good will of ideas and success capitalized themselves into millions. It was touching to receive a letter from him as his old associates passed on.

He was an ardent lover of music and the opera. He was a man of intensive native-born force and genius, and of broad vision, and intensely devoted to his own associates and friends.

Mr. Woolworth built "Winfield Hall," a palace of marble, in one year's time, when everyone said it could not be done. In this beautiful home the very landscape was changed, replicating in Nature's glory a scene in an opera he had loved.

When he started on the new business building, he had but

one purpose, as in all business—to dominate. Plans were submitted, but nothing seemed to strike him. He made frequent trips to Europe, and when the architect brought the final drawings to him, in the gloom of a hotel room in London, and showed him the sketch, Mr. Woolworth at once said: "That's it," and the building stands today as was decided in that moment.

He loved to build. It was his instinct and his genius, and everything about his new home was the last word. He was the same pushing, progressive nature as when he left his mother in tears and went with his father on a load of potatoes to seek his fortune in the big city of Watertown, N. Y. He had visions beyond business. He predicted the war, and even foreshadowed the very "League of Nations" that is to come about. Insisting that rivalry in trade was the cause of wars, the council of the nations, as outlined in the "League of Nations," was talked over during the early days of war. He was abroad when the war cloud broke. He had some exciting experiences getting out of the belligerent countries, and kept the Woolworth managers in Europe busy getting him away from the scenes of hostilities in 1914.

In his beautiful home there are pictures of geology in the marble, and in the carving and in the organ everything fulfills his ambition for perfection. It was fitting that in this house there should be one room decorated and furnished the same as a room in a hotel in a little village in France, where he remained for many weeks very ill. He made up his mind as he lay there that he would have a room like it. This, in fact, was the reason why he built his home on the spot he did, because there he felt that his life had been prolonged for the work he had planned on this spot on Long Island. He was a devoted admirer of Napoleon. He was Napoleonic in his cast. He had pictures of him and books on his life—even the bed was a replica of Napoleon's bed in France. In his office he surrounded himself with suggestions of the "Little Corporal."

No matter in what direction the force of his life's energy might have been directed, F. W. Woolworth was a genius and has left monuments in over one thousand cities of the United States and in Great Britain. He has emplaced the name of "Woolworth." He has left his name upon the veritable hives of industry which far surpass any mausoleum. Dealing with masses of the plain people, as Lincoln loved to call them, he was Lincolnian in the sturdiness of his character and scope

of vision. His greatest life satisfaction as a merchant was in selling the masses goods at five and ten cents, previously purchased at twenty-five and fifty cents.

Thru all transactions his hand was firm at the helm. Associated with him were Earle P. Charlton, now vice-president, and Mr. Hubert T. Parson, now vice-president and treasurer, who began with Mr. Woolworth when there were fourteen stores. There was ever maintained in the co-operation a close business association, for the time came for the expansion of the business and buying of the stock. Every man associated with him followed the lead of Mr. Woolworth in helping him to float the great corporation, out of which has grown a great business in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain.

"The philosophy of business," he once told me, "is to make customers talk one to the other, emphasizing the old saying of Emerson, 'Build a better mouse trap, and they will find their way into the woods.' " He had a firm belief in this philosophy and felt that he would succeed as long as he could furnish big value at a small price, and demonstrated his willingness to have these men associated with him make all the money they could. He believed in working very hard. He was bookkeeper, correspondent, handled stock, sold goods, traveled, picked locations for stores. The distinction of the members of the Woolworth organization in nearly every instance is that they have worked themselves up from the bottom. Mr. Woolworth began by packing goods in the basement, and then selling them over the counter. His rule was to never go outside of the organization for a new man.

His tender solicitude and affection for the stricken wife who worked with him during the struggling days, together with the love of his family of three daughters, was one of the crowning traits of his strong nature. He never paraded his virtues; he lived and acted them, and his life career was made in deeds rather than words. His home, hearthstone and friends always held from first to last his dominant devotion.

When Mr. Woolworth decided to build a home for the executive offices, the real estate men said it was a gigantic gamble, and that such a building could never be filled. But it has had applicants on the waiting list ever since it was completed. He insisted that the trouble with many business men is that they do not look ahead. One thing he always kept in mind, in spite of troubles and obstacles, and that is that there is always opportunity, and that the doors can be pushed open by persistence and well-planned effort.

The Doughboy's Return

by NIXON WATERMAN

OH-H, s-a-y! but I'm glad to get home again!
Back to God's country and people once more.
Didn't I swear I would never roam again
Could I set foot on my own native shore?
Yet, tho it sounds just a bit contradictory,
If on tomorrow there came a good chance,
Take it from me I'd go gunning for victory
Back with the doughboys thru little old France.

Y-e-a, K-i-d! Ain't it heaven to bury you
Right in the heart of a sure-enough bed!
Never a rat nor a cootie to worry you,
No red hell poppin' right over your head.
Yet on these joys of "sweet home" while I'm pondering,
Often my mind as tho wrapped in a trance,
Over the world of blue water goes wandering
Back with the doughboys to rainy old France.

S-u-r-e t-h-i-n-g! But the ladies are nice to me
Since my return to the land of my birth.
All of the comforts of home without price to me;
If it were theirs, they would hand me the earth.
Still I keep seeing—(will love ever bud again?)—
Two tender eyes and their sweet, loving glance,
Till I'm just yearning to tramp thru the mud again
Back with the doughboys thru sunny old France.

Affairs and Folks



WELCOME as words from home was the salutation with which Mary Elizabeth, the Candy Girl, welcomed a group of Americans at the Regina Hotel in Paris on a drizzling December day. It was even more than a home-coming to see this busy young lady behind a screen, down in the depths of an abandoned hotel kitchen, instructing the French women in making preparations for a Christmas dinner for the thousands of soldiers then in the hospitals of Paris. She was also providing a ponderous fatherly mince pie and other delicacies for the Christmas dinner for the President of the United States and for General Pershing.

The erstwhile exclusive hotel had been deserted early in the war, but, undaunted, Mary Elizabeth entered upon the task of cleaning up. The dust was removed and the pots and kettles polished. From the door I saw French women making American doughnuts, or rather the "Mary Elizabeth" doughnuts, which are wholly her own idea, inasmuch as they have no holes in them—they are all doughnuts. Things continued moving at a lively pace, for every minute counted, as we dodged the trucks carrying supplies systematically packed under the pavement of the Rivoli.

With the instinct of an American hostess, Mary Elizabeth Evans was busy preparing furnishings for a new hotel soon to be opened for the army officers in Paris. Her alert way of keeping several things going at one and the same time startled the Parisian chefs and *maitres d' hotel*, but we all took it as a matter of course.

The story of Mary Elizabeth has a story-book flavor. When her father, Professor W. E. G. Evans, died, he left a widow and four children—the oldest girl in the family was Mary Elizabeth. She borrowed one hundred dollars from the family purse and opened a tiny shop where she made candy in the morning, and sold candy in the evenings—that was just what was wanted. That was twenty years ago. Today she is recognized as one of the most successful woman candy-makers in the country. Not content with her business success at home, she went far-afield in France, eager to give her country the benefit of her "know-how." Her genius in making things go was like the doughnuts—there were no holes in her plans and the results. Deficits she defied, and went at once on a war-footing against H. C. L. in the teeth of peace prices.

When I told her the story of seeing Aunt Suzanne Howette at Laclede, Missouri, and how she used to furnish apple turnovers for General Pershing as a boy, she acted, and in less time than I can count she was out in the kitchen and an apple turnover was on the menu for General Pershing's Christmas dinner in France. When the distinguished Christmas dinner was being served, Mary Elizabeth was busy preparing more

baskets for the wounded soldiers in Paris, sent out under the direction of Colonel Gibson in charge of the Red Cross work in France. Mary Elizabeth stopped and sighed: "Here is where worry—to get things done—brought my first gray hair, but it is buried in the great reward of seeing our soldiers happy in France."

* * * *

WHEN—after weeks of waiting—the newspaper correspondents at the Peace Conference were handed the terms put up to Germany, they had to thank a young American, Arthur Sweetser, for relieving them of the task of reading the eighty thousand words. And they had reason to be thankful, for the hour was late, the cables crowded and the telegraph editors of their home papers were sitting on the edges of their editorial chairs—waiting. No editor has ever been known to

wait patiently, and for days the newspapermen in Paris had been clamoring for copies of the peace terms so that they might peruse them at leisure—under agreement of secrecy, of course—and file their summaries in time to prevent blood pressure at home from rising too high. All efforts to get copies of the terms were fruitless, however.

Arthur Sweetser was on the job. Practically all of the correspondents acknowledged their indebtedness to him in subsequent cablegrams to their papers. Mr. Sweetser is attached to the Conference, doing the liaison work between the correspondents and the high American officials. Realizing that the refusal of the officials to let the newspaper men have copies of the peace terms put the latter in an exceedingly awkward position, he used his influence to obtain a copy for his own use.

The officials were loth to give a copy to Mr. Sweetser, altho much of the confidential material it contained had

passed thru his hands at one time or another. Finally—and fortunately—he prevailed upon them to do so, and he set to work making an abstract of the long document so that the correspondents might not be helpless at the last moment. When the time came for the material to be issued for the press, the newspaper men found themselves presented with a carefully-prepared, complete abstract of the text. They had expected to be snowed under by eighty thousand words, and had it not been for Mr. Sweetser's foresight, they would probably have found themselves at dawn's early light, hours after their respective "rags had rolled," scrambling frantically thru official verbiage.

Mr. Sweetser is an experienced newspaper man, and his services in the press bureau of the Peace Conference have been invaluable. The correspondents realized at once that they had to deal with a man who "spoke their own language," and they



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MARY ELIZABETH EVANS, the "Candy Girl"

have good reason to appreciate his services as an intermediary between President Wilson, Colonel House and themselves. It is an exceptional thing for correspondents to cable their papers in praise of anyone connected with the various press bureaus, and the fact that they did exactly that thing may be considered Mr. Sweetser's *magna cum laude*.



ARTHUR SWEETSER
Author of "The American Air Service"

Mr. Sweetser knows the other side of the game from bitter experience. He was in Europe as a newspaper man when the war started, and with other correspondents started from Paris to the scene of action at the first clash of arms. He was arrested as a spy as soon as he reached the zone of fire, and went thru all the experiences that made a newspaper man's life border on tragedy in those days. On his return from the other side, after the first year of war, Mr. Sweetser became interested in the Committee on Public Information, and was engaged there until we declared war. He won a commission in the Air Service, and was attached to the Aircraft Production Board. He was later attached to the office of the director of Military Aeronau-

tics as historian. The material he gathered while serving in that capacity has since been used to good purpose in his recently-published book, "The American Air Service," which is the first complete history of the air service to be written. In preparing his book, Mr. Sweetser had access to all of the files of the War Department, on order of Secretary of War Baker, who wrote an introduction to the volume. After completing his book, Mr. Sweetser went to France to write articles on the Peace Conference and the various phases of reconstruction. When Colonel House heard that he was in Europe, he immediately got in touch with him and persuaded him to take charge of the press bureau.

Incidentally, it is said that Mr. Sweetser knows all the things about Colonel House that the public would like to know. Can more be said for any man's perspicuity and sapience? Certainly not.

* * * *

IF the common or "garden variety" of doughboy should be suddenly asked who he desired to fill the presidential chair of the United States, he might hesitate a moment, and he might even ponder, but in the end the result of the reflection would be:

"Well, I guess, take it by and large, I'll vote for 'Wally'."

And while "Wally" knows nothing about the Presidential business, he knows all about the doughboy, and that, to the soldier of the American Expeditionary Forces, is sufficient. And the queer part of it all is that "Wally" himself is not a doughboy, but a United States Marine.

"Wally's" honest-to-goodness name is Albion A. Wallgren, and he is a private in the United States Marines. He is also the official cartoonist of the *Stars and Stripes*, and it has been thru his drawings in this official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces that he has won the undying friendship of every doughboy that ever hit the rainy, chilly shores of France. Further than that, "Wally" enjoys the knowledge that he could break nearly every law of the A. E. F., only to find the whole A. E. F. pulling its hardest to get him out of the brig.

"Wally" was a cartoonist on the *Philadelphia Ledger* when the war came along. Before that he had been on the *Washington Post*, the *Philadelphia Record* and other papers, and his future as a cartoonist in this country was bright. But "Wally" wanted to fight, and so he waltzed down to the Marine Corps recruiting station, enlisted, took his training at League Island, and then hied him for France. And almost with his arrival there, Wally again began his art.

But this time it was not the drawing of funny-looking doughboys with their puttees wrapped in lumps and their O. D. wrinkled as only O. D.'s can. The Fifth Regiment of Marines needed *beaucoup* signs, and "Wally" volunteered to paint them, spending his days upon such masterpieces as "Do Not Drink This Water," "Commanding Officer," "This Way to the Galley," and other marvels of the painter's skill. And it was while doing this that the lure of the Brasserie fell upon "Wally" and weighed heavily on him, with the result that a hard-boiled top sergeant of military police dragged "Wally" to the brig, and there he stayed for three weeks, with the knowledge that the incarceration also carried a three months' loss of pay.

But, somehow, "Wally" did not grieve. He procured pen and ink and cardboard—just to pass the time away—and when the three weeks were up, and the hard-boiled Top opened the hoosegow door, "Wally" only looked up with innocence in his eyes and showed no inclination whatever to come out.

"Lookout!" said the Top, "don't you know when you're well off? Your time's over."

"No?" "Wally" appeared pained. "Is it—honest?"

"It is, you know. Snap out of your hop and let somebody else get in there. We're doing a rushing business."

"But"—and there was piteous pleading in "Wally's" eyes—"can't I stay just a little while longer. Please, Top, won't you let me stay in the brig just a couple of weeks more? Be a nice Top now, and put me on bread and water or something, won't you?"

The Top stared. The Top wiped his beady forehead. In

all his experience he never before had seen a man who pleaded to remain in the brig.

"Are you cuckoo or something?" he asked vaguely.

"Nope."

"Then where do you get all this love for the brig?"

"Oh, it isn't a love for the brig that makes me want to stay here," the cartoonist answered quietly, "but you see, I'm making five hundred francs a week drawing postcard cartoons of the officers for them to send to the folks back home, and I can have peace and quiet here. So please, Top, can't I stay a little longer?"

But the horny hand of the top sergeant reached for the collar of "Wally," and once more the artist was out on the old camp grounds, painting those sign-post masterpieces again. It was while thus engaged that there came a call for a cartoonist for the *Stars and Stripes*, and "Wally" was pulled away from the esthetic task of stencilling the cook wagons of the Fifth Regiment to take his place at a drawing board in the editorial rooms of the new A. E. F. paper.

And the first thing "Wally" thought of was that horny-fisted, hard-hearted top sergeant, who had dragged him away from that gold mine of five hundred francs a week. Whereupon "Wally" started a campaign on top sergeants, working by the indirect method of drawing wings upon their shoulders and writing little bits of verse beneath his cartoons to tell how the doughboys loved them. And if you've ever been a doughboy on inspection, with the top sergeant telling you that you're just about ten feet lower than a worm in your worth to this earth, you'll know how popular "Wally" became overnight.

But in all his cartoons there has never been a sting—with the result that even the Tops watch for his cartoons. Week after week they appeared in the *Stars and Stripes*, the "Odyssey" of a doughboy by a United States Marine, until the call came,

a week its first edition was exhausted, and the presses were working day and night to keep up with the demand. It would have meant a fortune to "Wally" of the Marines. But "Wally" only grinned, fingered the thirty bucks in his pocket, less insurance, less allotment, less hospital fees, less Liberty Bond deductions, and said:

"Us privates have got to stick together!"

* * * *

IN reviewing some of the literature of the war which I felt would find its way into the historical record, I was much impressed in coming across what is called "A Syllabus of the World War," which was prepared for use in the high schools of the city of New York and became a regular part of the



curriculum. Later I chanced to meet District Superintendent Ruth G. McGray, chairman of the committee appointed to prepare this Syllabus of the War. The letter of W. L. Ettinger, superintendent of schools, presenting the work to the high schools in

September, 1918, outlined a plan which has been most effective in preserving the record of the war and the very wartime spirit in the minds of coming citizens of the republic.

The teachers, thru this system, were enabled to inspire pupils with the nation's ideals, and a personal appreciation of the sacrifice of war, and a comprehension of what the American army and the Allies have done toward giving them the privileges which they enjoy in the schools, and may look forward to as citizens of a great nation. The dry record and chronology of war times tingled with an interest as graphic as that of a recital of personal reminiscence.

The large and varied array of posters used effectively in

loud and insistent, for a collection of them in book form. "Wally" heard—and answered in his own peculiar way:

"I'm a private. All my buddies are privates. And I'm not going to take their money. I'll protect the book by copyrights for use back in the States where people have got a lot of money, but no money of another private drawing thirty bucks a month, and getting about one-third of that, is ever going into my pocket—unless, of course, it's from a crap game. That's legitimate, but this other thing wouldn't be. So if any buck in the A. E. F. wants to part with five francs for this bunch of hash, he can do it, the funds to go to the French war orphans."

So, with that understanding, the book was printed. Within

various campaigns for war support were reproduced. These works of art visualized the purposes of each war activity. "America gave you all you have to give" was a keynote that seemed to arouse the enthusiasm of American high school students.

The first chapter of the Syllabus begins with a recital of the fundamental causes of the war, and outlines, without passion or prejudice, the autocratic nature of the German government.



Photo by Otto Sarony Co.

RUTH G. McGRAY

District superintendent of schools in New York city and compiler of "A Syllabus of the World War"

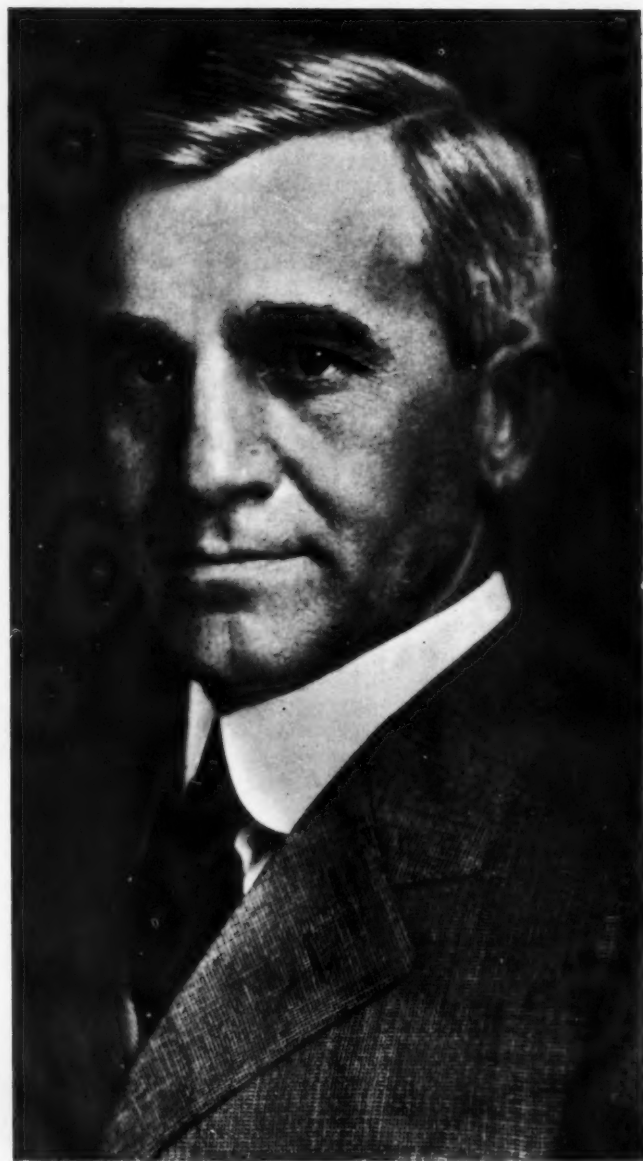
Maps are included that aid even those of more mature years, who have closely followed events in establishing a more clarified comprehension of sequence than the chaotic and fragmentary newspaper accounts could furnish. "The Coming of 'The Day'" as an initial chapter title indicates that the committee looked into the causes. "The Story of the War, Comparison of Contestants," is clearly outlined with maps showing the population of France, covering the war area to the North Sea. The story of the war is so closely knit and simply told that the children could go home and tell even their elders of whys and wherefores, based upon a knowledge of events.

The Syllabus even reviews matters covered by the second Hague Congress in 1907, harking back to the call of the Russian Czar for a convention to discuss the maintenance of a general peace and disarmament, so that the large standing armies and the heavy expenditures for taxation might be rendered unnecessary. It seems the irony of fate that the man who first suggested universal peace should be the one who was swept away in the vortex of war—the war he seemed to foresee with the unerring eye of prophecy.

There are Red Cross posters—in fact, all the illustrations are reproductions of war posters, and furnish a collection that in itself throws a clear light upon the state of public mind throughout the United States in its swift preparation for war. The Food and Fuel campaign and the American Library Association

are evidence of the importance of illuminating sidelights on the war: The principal events of the war from June 28, 1914, to the signing of the armistice, are given, together with an index of war terms and names. There seems to have been nothing omitted in this Syllabus, giving a list of references indicating the source from which this condensed tabloid history of the war was compiled.

The idea of carrying out this work is due to Professor Somers, who, in turn, insists upon an appreciation for the valuable assistance given him by the teachers and district superintendents who worked long and faithfully during vacation days in order to meet the war emergency in school work. Doubtless many old school books will be scrapped, for schools are moving forward to meet new conditions that have come with peace.



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HOMER L. FERGUSON

Newly-elected president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States

The story of the war will continue to be enhanced and enriched in the experiences of men overseas. New sidelights will be added from year to year, and interest will increase as time goes on. Later these narrations will have the glow of reminiscence and imagery that comes with a perspective of time.

In preparing this book and having it in schools during actual war times, gives even this chronological record a distinction of being contemporaneous. This makes every minute of the time spent in the study of this book a priceless inheritance to young America—so he, too, can reminisce. As time goes on,

the pupil looks back upon those golden hours of school days when the basic trend of his mind and thought was crystallized, as the formulative period of his life. As years go on comes that tenderness and affectionate remembrance of the school teachers of America who have so unselfishly devoted themselves to their work, and stood right with them during war times.

The triumph of American democracy is the public schools, and there is no stronger bulwark of national integrity of strength and power than in the school system which continuously recruits with idealists of hope. Some drink deep at the Pierian spring, and others merely taste, but all have the opportunity of quaffing at the eternal fountains of youth represented in the American schools where purposes are nurtured which develop the spirit of preparedness for every duty or responsibility of citizenship. The war has been a supreme world test of democracy most gloriously perpetuated in the educational institutions that practise and exemplify democracy in its sound and practical application of training for the sovereignty of citizenship.

* * * *

THERE is a method in the election of the president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States that indicates how closely together the people may be drawn thru the mails. Votes are taken thru the written ballot enclosed in an envelope duly stamped by a United States mail clerk. Mr. Homer L. Ferguson has been a member of the Board of Directors since 1914, and his enthusiastic and instructive work in the organization naturally made him the one man thought of for president for 1919. His name was the only name placed in nomination.

The work of the Chamber really becomes more important each year. The organization reflects unerringly the business sentiment of the country thru a direct concrete vote. It has followed to the last analysis the sovereignty of the ballot. The administration of the new president promises to be one of achievement; for he has had the training to meet the questions and responsibilities of the time. Mr. Ferguson was born at Waynesville, North Carolina, in 1873. He graduated from the Naval Academy in 1892, and later attended the Glasgow University, finishing in 1895. As constructor of the United States Navy for eleven years, he made a record that stands out in the history of the department. In 1905 he resigned to become general manager of the Newport News Shipbuilding Company, of which he is now president. Fourteen years' experience in executive capacity has fitted him for directing the work of this great national business organization. As a member of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, the Engineers' Club, and Army and Navy Club of Washington, his acquaintance with men and affairs, not only in his own particular line, but in all business and industrial activities, marks the new president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States as one entirely equal to the handling of a full discussion of questions of national and international scope and character, which must be acted upon in the next twelve months.

* * * *

NOW the real history of the war is being written. The returning troops are giving the sidelights on the records that will thrill every city and town from which went boys who made good. When in Durham I felt I must meet my old friend, Colonel S. W. Minor of the 120th Regiment of the 30th Division. Colonel Minor has for twenty years been a member of the National Guard in North Carolina, serving in every capacity, from private to colonel. He was commissioned colonel September 28, 1914.

He had resumed his work as cashier of the Fidelity Bank in Durham, and like all returning soldiers, was very modest in recounting his wonderful war experiences. He has the official map of the division, and there is the record. It was the dauntless 120th of North Carolina that first broke thru the Hindenburg line in the offensive of the British army. (The 119th at the same time attacking on their left.) They captured the southern end of the tunnel of the St. Quentin canal and the towns of Bellicourt and Nauroy.

To trace the movements of the troops on the official map was thrilling to me, because within two months I had stood on the very spot where those boys pushed thru. After driving at Paronne, they drove on to Bellicourt, and there at the mouth of the canal saw the boats resting placidly aground in the sluggish water. There was a deep gorge, in some way resembling that of Niagara Falls, and along the banks in tiers were the



COLONEL S. W. MINOR

dug-outs occupied all during the war by the Germans in fancied safety and comfort. The canal is about eight miles long, with a toe-top on either side large enough to permit the barges to pass. This was the one tragical defensive of the Hindenburg line. Here the 120th Regiment was occupied, while shot and shell were flying overhead. In fact, it was told to me that the pivotal point of the historic Hindenburg line was based upon this tunnel canal, furnishing a safe retreat for many thousands of soldiers.

Colonel Minor is not inclined to talk, but let anyone question the record of the Division or of his Regiment, and then there is shown the fighting spirit that the Germans met in that last struggle, when the North Carolinians pushed on over barbed wires and obstructions without restraint, and even far over from their telephonic connections with headquarters, and

passed thru the fortifications which Germany had deemed impassable.

The Colonel is slightly more gray than when I saw him years ago, but just the same modest, sweet soul, and it is a joy and delight to just sit and hear him tell the story in his own way of breaking thru the Hindenburg line, with



PROFESSOR P. G. HOLDEN
Father of Vitalized Agriculture

the map before him showing the exact location—hour by hour—of his troops during those momentous hours when they were making history that will never be forgotten.

* * * *

PROFESSOR P. G. Holden is the "agricultural evangelist" of the age. He has taught the farmer how to farm better in order that he may live better.

He popularized the idea of testing seed corn, and in so doing added millions of dollars to the agricultural wealth of many states.

When he was director of the extension department of the Iowa State Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa, Professor Holden said to the farmers: "Test, don't guess. Know beforehand that every kernel of corn you plant will grow." He believes in corn breeding, not just corn growing.

By preaching and demonstrating that doctrine, telling why and showing how to test seed corn in every part of Iowa, Holden

more than doubled the annual corn crop of that state, and made Iowa first among the states in the production of corn.

He organized the agronomy and extension departments of the Iowa State College of Agriculture; organized and conducted the first seed corn trains ever operated; introduced the teaching of agriculture into the public schools in several counties in Iowa; prepared manuscripts and illustrations for five different corn books which have been translated into Spanish and Russian, and of which more than one million copies have been sold; organized and managed short courses all over Iowa; enlarged and extended the Farmers' Institute work; made popular the first "corn" lecture ever made sufficiently interesting and instructive for the Chautauqua platform.

When the International Harvester Company wanted a director to head its Agricultural Extension Department, it looked in the direction of Iowa and saw Holden. Then it annexed him.

Professor Holden believes in anything that makes better farming, better farms, better homes and better communities. Whatever Holden starts keeps moving, and gathers momentum as it moves. In many sections he has started people on the road to diversified farming. He believes in giving the soil a square deal. He believes in alfalfa, in silos, in living on the land and having a home there, not just farming for the sake of growing crops.

He believes in the rural child, the boy and the girl of the farm; he believes that these children should be taught in the terms of their own life, and for this reason set his mind on formulating a plan of instruction that would accomplish the end. He found it—his rotation plan for the teaching of vitalized agriculture in rural schools.

If he wanted to use them, Holden could trail a long string of degrees after his name—degrees conferred upon him by some of the best colleges in the Middle West. But despite all he has done and hopes to do, he is about the humblest, hardest-thinking farmer who ever set out to do a great work. He is modest and earnest, never loses his temper and is always kindly, patient, and considerate. When he talks he uses plain words and hits straight from the shoulder. But his blows are directed at methods, not men. He wakes up audiences and sets them doing things they never did before.

His creed, his motto, his philosophy of living? It is summed up in eight words: "This day I will beat my own record."

* * * *

FEEDING the people in Washington during wartime was a test that developed domestic science talent. The one place that stood out as an oasis in all the days of lunch sharing was that of the cafeteria at the Food Department—to the logical successor of "cafe," the French word "teria" was added. Altho the Food Department was the first to demobilize—with only one hundred and fifty left in a force of fifteen hundred—this Department Cafeteria still flourishes—feeding eighteen hundred people a day—full capacity.

When I journeyed to Potomac Park, I found the crowds waiting in line to gain admission to this food haven. In the war regulation days no one, except members of the Food Administration, could gain admission, but others used to contrive to get passes and carried a card of admission to this popular eating rendezvous, as proudly as that of the small Chevy Chase Country Club. When I saw this I said, "There must be some genius responsible for it." From a very modest beginning in a corner of the building, overcoming obstacles of war times, Mrs. Marion Hallett Jones has achieved another triumph in her domestic science career. In room 102, close to the kitchen, I found the stately woman in command.

The menu spoke for itself and the prices were right. In spite of all, this cafeteria has made money—one of the few that has made money for the Government. As Food Administrator, Mr. Herbert C. Hoover has expressed appreciation of Mrs. Jones and her work, because she so well exemplified his ideas of saving food, and furnishing good food at prices within the reach of the large army of clerks, and conserving on every essential of food regulations. Everybody watched this cafeteria critically to see that rules were observed, and Mrs. Jones managed during these days to feed thousands of

people on the minimum allowance of sugar, and save flour like gold dust, with other things in proportion.

It was all a question of "know how." Then I remembered the tall, dark-eyed girl, who, as a graduate of domestic science, started out a few years ago in a practical way to demonstrate



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MRS. MARION HALLETT JONES

Manager of the Food Department Cafeteria at Washington, D. C.

her knowledge. The experiences in St. Louis, Seattle and other cities in school restaurants were triumphs, and when the call came for an expert Mrs. Marion Hallett Jones was selected, because she knew how to buy, how to manage, and how to cook and serve. Her menu indicated that she knew the science of the palate. Roast lamb with mint sauce, fifteen cents; roast beef and gravy, fifteen cents; chipped beef, ten cents, as it appeared on the menu cards was alluring. The variety each day would tempt the appetite of an epicurean. It was plain to see in her work how the simple "know how" counted, and she loves the work. It is to her a triumph to observe the complacent faces of the satisfied diners as they pass out with the swing and action of a "star boarder." No wonder—for was not the baking done by the man who had taught the art at Cornell University? Then those salads—they made a hit with the girl clerks—for salad is the real test in saving every morsel, as well as tempting a jaded appetite. Idaho potatoes and a vegetable compound that seemed to be a whole meal in itself

were attractions that attracted diners, who even indulged in an extra carfare to come there.

Mrs. Marion Hallett Jones was born in Illinois and graduated in domestic science from an eastern college. There seems to be no phase of the food economics, from buying to preparing and serving that she does not understand. Feeding the thousands and arranging the dinner parties and banquets for departments that were memorable occasions in the history of the Food Department seemed a pastime to her rather than a vocation. All this time she kept strictly within the most stringent rules of food conservation. She knew not only what food was, but how and where it grew. Cold storage chicken was banished—and such chicken gravy! It makes me hungry to think of it now. The hot biscuits caught the girls from the South, and the baked beans attracted the girls from Boston. So there was one place in Washington where the American appetites were known, with all its likes and dislikes as keenly discerned as that of the mother who knows just "what my children like"—and proceeds to prepare it. This explains the throng three times a day traveling the familiar course of "Cafeteriadam" at the Food Department in Washington. The food is there.



WILLIAM SCHULHOF

Business manager of "Typewriter Topics"

ONE fact that American business has learned from the war is that the progressive manufacturer must now turn his eyes to the export trade. It is interesting to note the amazing situation existing in one branch of American industry, which is veritably a pioneer in the export trade of this country—the American typewriter business—upon which is built the entire fabric of office labor and time-saving machines and devices. Approximately one-half the typewriters produced in the United States each year are exported, a record in foreign trade equalled by no other American industry. (Continued on page 284)

A National Industrial Peace Conference

By JAMES A. METCALF

Former Special Examiner United States Employment Service

INDUSTRIAL peace is the most important thing to strive for in the United States today. We have won the war; we must now "win the peace."

It is of even more immediate consequence to this nation, in some respects, than the attainment of world peace among hitherto belligerent nations.

The World War affected us extraneously. Industrial unrest disturbs business stability and weakens the foundation of government. It strikes right home.

But the attainment of industrial peace just now means more than our own national safety and success. A world devastated by war is calling upon America for its maximum of production to aid in the task of rehabilitation. According to all the logic of events, with our great resources practically unimpaired, this country stands at the threshold of the greatest era of prosperity in all its history. But as we seek to enter and take advantage of this entrancing prospect, we find the way blocked by numerous obstacles in the form of industrial disturbances. Strikes multiply upon strikes. Raw material supplies are affected. The manufacturer hesitates to launch new enterprises upon disturbed waters. The expected expansion of industry, in order to meet its great opportunity and discharge its full responsibility to the reconstruction era, has not occurred. So far as we are now able to see, it is indefinitely postponed.

The time is here for the calling of a National Industrial Peace Conference—a body of delegated representatives of employers and employees to be named by the governors of the several states, with equal representation of the two great elements of industry.

A multiplicity of conferences are being held thruout the world in the name of labor, presuming to discover remedies for industrial unrest. As a rule, they are taking a distinctly Socialistic trend, if not avowedly convened in the name of Socialism. They are quite apt to be more political than economic in character. It is obvious that none of them so far really represents the spirit and needs of American labor.

In any event, the representatives of labor, convening by themselves, no matter how thoro their deliberations or how

fair their conclusions, cannot accomplish the end in view. Conversely, the employers of labor cannot gather exclusively and issue dicta, however just, and expect ready compliance therewith. There must be a definite meeting of minds, a simultaneous consensus, which can only be achieved by a joint meeting of employers and employees. Out of this may come great results and far-reaching consequences. The demand of the hour is for a National Industrial Peace Conference.

With its extending scope of activities and widening sphere of influence, the United States Department of Labor is in a position to sponsor this movement better than any other agency in the land. The war has brought this department into greater proportionate prominence than any other arm of the national government. In organizing and operating the United States Employment Service, the Department of Labor rendered invaluable, direct aid to the prosecution of the war. Thru the fair functioning of another of its agencies in the form of the National War Labor Board, the department has unquestionably gained the confidence of employes and employers. For the first time in the history of our government, labor has been content to submit its interests to a federal agency with confidence that justice would be done.

The Department of Labor is essentially the agency to move in this matter, and its action ought not to be delayed long.

It is not presumed that this discussion is able to formulate a definite plan or program for a National Industrial Peace Conference, but here are some of the principles or methods to be kept in mind:

The proposition ought to be approached with the care and thought which its importance warrants. The numerical strength of the conference must be held to the minimum, coincident with adequate representation. Obviously, the employers and employees must be given equal representation.

At the outset it would be well to determine the proportional representation of the states. At first it would seem that population should be the criterion selected, but in view of the character of the gathering, it would perhaps be better to proportion representation on the basis (Continued on page 285)



JAMES A. METCALF

Former Special Examiner United States Employment Service



CLASS IN VITALIZED AGRICULTURE TESTING SEED CORN

Vitalized Agriculture—What Is It?

By MARY E. MUSTAIN

THIS is the question that has been perplexing the minds of educational leaders from Massachusetts to California, from the Dakotas to Mississippi.

It was an eager group of listeners we found gathered in a class-room of the State Normal School at Kirksville, Missouri, that hot August day in 1918. There were some forty men and women, teachers and superintendents from the rural schools of that section of the state. We had journeyed from the state A. & M. College of Oklahoma to learn of this much-talked-of new idea of vitalized agriculture for rural schools. We found the answer we sought.

The plan was originated by Professor P. G. Holden, director of the Extension Department of the International Harvester Company. Professor Holden has long been recognized as an authority on things agricultural in the United States, and has for years lamented the lack of system in our rural schools that would teach the child in the terms of his own life. For many many years the tendency has been to educate the child away from the farm rather than teaching him the magnificent opportunity presented by the farm. At last we have the remedy. Boys and girls trained under this new plan of vitalized agriculture will not seek to leave the farm, but rather to grow with it and redeem it from the destructive forces which have hitherto been its undoing.

The plan briefly outlined is as follows: A rotation plan covering four years' work.

First Year: Farm Crops. How Seeds Grow; Depth to Plant; Corn; Oats; Alfalfa; Weeds; Gardens; Canning; Drying.

Second Year: Making Things. Rope Knots; Splicing Ropes; Fly Traps; Fly Screens; Cement Tanks; Steps and Posts; Farm Tools and Posts; Removing Stains; Sewing.

Third Year: Live Things. Animals; Diseases and Remedies; How to Feed; Testing Milk; Poultry; Useful Birds; Insect Pests; Preparing and Cooking Food.

Fourth Year: Soil and Home. Soil Fertility; Cultivation; Moisture; Sanitation; Beautifying the Home; Social and Community Work.

It is not proposed that every teacher in the rural schools of the state shall begin the teaching of vitalized agriculture at the same time, but that the work shall be presented by groups especially selected for this service.

Twelve county superintendents, all of whom are live, wide-awake educators, are selected. Each of these superintendents selects from four to a dozen of his most efficient, up-to-date teachers in whose schools agriculture is already being taught. These superintendents and teachers meet at a central point and are there given special training in the work. These training schools for teachers are under the personal direction of Professor Holden and his trained assistants.

In the rural schools the younger children learn much by absorption. They "listen in" while older pupils recite, and by hearing the same old lessons from the same old text-books, year after year, become so familiar with the lessons that before they reach that particular work it has lost its interest.

Not so in this new rotation plan. Each year the work is new, interesting, attractive. At the end of the four years the children taking the course have graduated and the work

begins all over again. It is not dull text-book repetition—the children learn by doing—the work never becomes stale.

It did not require a week to convince us that the plan was feasible, adaptable and altogether practical.

Educators who have investigated the plan are most enthusiastic over it. Dr. Winship, the noted educator and editor, says: "I see marvelous things in store for the country school if we can put across Mr. Holden's plan of vitalizing agriculture

teachers from \$10 to \$40 per month. Every rural school in the state is clamoring for its adoption.

The story of this good work may best be told by the teachers who have been doing it. From several personal letters we glean the following:

"My experience with vitalized agriculture as it has been introduced into the schools of Missouri is that it is about the brightest thing that has come to cheer the country teacher in many a long day, for it has aroused the spontaneous interest of both pupils and teacher and put the personal element, the human pulse-beat, into what was before a routine of book lessons about dull abstractions."

Again: "The change in my pupils in their ability to talk freely and well is one of the most marked results of our work in vitalized agriculture. Their spontaneous interest in the subject takes them out of their self-consciousness and gives them freedom. Then, they are dealing with everyday things which they hear discussed at home: the stand of corn; the yield of oats and wheat; the worms, insects and plagues that attack these crops; the weeds that choke them out, and how these may be killed. These subjects furnish the standard topics of table talk at home,



Making a work bench—the students of vitalized agriculture are taught practical mechanics

and rotating the subjects. The rotation plan is attracting wide attention. It is an idea that is destined to sweep thru the entire educational world. It is destined to bring about important changes for the benefit of our schools.

"Why has it changed disorganized schools into beehives of activity, increased the salary of teachers, aroused tremendous community interest in schools, resulted in numerous petitions from pupils, teachers and patrons that the plan be continued?"

"Because it puts life in the schools, teaches children in the language they best understand, in terms of their own lives. It is not teaching the same thing year after year. It maintains interest, arouses enthusiasm. It is not a theory, a dream. It is not even an experiment. It is a practical reality. It works in over two hundred schools in Missouri."

H. S. Mobley, for years president of the Farmers Union of the state of Arkansas, practical farmer and educator, says:

"My general impression of this work is that it is wonderful in its conception and marvelous in its adaptation to our educational necessities. As I listened to Professor Holden explain his scheme or plan for vitalizing agriculture, I realized that where many had failed, he had succeeded in formulating a method that would furnish the public school students for the work of life. I could not repress the conviction that he was presenting the great necessary principle which so many had felt the need of and long had sought, but had failed to find. Yes, here it was before me, being explained and presented, and carrying with it the demonstration that hereafter the vital things of life, so necessary to us all when it comes to deal with life for ourselves, could and would hereafter be given us thru our public schools."

More than two hundred schools in Missouri have adopted vitalized agriculture. It has increased the salaries of the rural

and the children have become used to discussing them without being 'scared.' The campaign for this new line of teaching has more than justified itself in the influence upon the speaking and writing ability of our pupils. It has put new life into our language work, both oral and written."

"Vitalized agriculture to the boys and girls in my school has meant a vitalized school, for the children would not miss school unless they were sick because they were afraid they would miss something in agriculture. They were always



Ropes have manifold uses upon a farm—a class in vitalized agriculture learning reeves, knots and splices

willing to bring things from home whenever we needed them. When they were making their germination boxes (the ones where holes had to be bored in the lumber), they were so interested in their work that they would come early in the morning and work before school, during the noon-hour, and recesses. Then again, when we were testing seed corn and were ready to fill a tester, they were always very prompt in bringing their corn, and not one of them came to school and said: 'I forgot to bring my corn.' They were always anxious to open the testers. One boy has tested eighteen bushels, or (Continued on page 284)

The Musical Godmother of America's Fighting Men

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

France, January 27, 1919.

Dear Miss Sawyer:

My attention has been called to your work in supplying music to the American Expeditionary Forces, and I wish to express my sincere thanks for your well-directed and successful efforts in this line.

Believe me

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING.



WHEN the armistice was signed, nearly one thousand bands and orchestras, besides scores of minstrel troupes and amusement units, and several hundred singers were upon the "official" mailing list of Miss Ray C. Sawyer of New York City, who for over a year and a half has been busily engaged in collecting and systematically distributing popular music to our fighting men. These organizations and harmony-makers in the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps were generously supplied with the latest in American popular music, contributed by more than half a hundred prominent music publishers all over the country. As a result our men—whether they were stationed in the United States, China, San Domingo, Cuba, Haiti, the Philippines, Siberia, France, Italy, Ireland, Scotland, England, or even when on the high seas—were the recipients of Miss Sawyer's numerous musical offerings.

Bandmasters with the American Expeditionary Forces have proclaimed their inability to secure music from the States, due primarily to the strict postal regulations regarding packages and the lack of shipping space, and that they were virtually at the mercy of this young lady as regards new music. But these obstacles did not interfere with Miss Sawyer's work, and bands and orchestras as a consequence have been kept together by thousands and thousands of scores and orchestrations which have been sent out by her. Song copies also, and chorus slides have found their way to the men who in pre-war times were professional entertainers, and were used for the entertainment of their fellow-fighters. So thoroly did she circulate music in France that the *Stars and Stripes* nicknamed her "The A.E.F.'s Music Girl."

Miss Sawyer has carried on this important war activity alone, after office hours, free from red tape and without the financial help or assistance of the public, and she says that she will continue to send music overseas until the entire American army has been withdrawn. Her work has been strictly a labor of love, and from the many letters received from men of every rank, complimenting her on the joy and real pleasure derived from the music, we know she has done something worth while to help win the war and to keep up the morale of our Yanks in a true American girl fashion.

To the average observer it would appear that her duties as executive secretary of the New York State Headquarters of the American Legion would tax the energies of even so capable and efficient an executive as Miss Sawyer has proved herself to be, but she has found time "just as a side line and because I love the work," as she explains, to build up all by herself one of the most remarkable war relief organizations this era of organizations has produced.

Miss Sawyer's work is unique. It extended to the most remote outpost of the American soldier and to every sea upon which Uncle Sam's bluejackets have roamed in the performance of duty.

Her organization is made up of just one member—herself. It has no officers, no directors, no patrons nor patronesses; it has no offices, pays no salaries, has no overhead charges to meet, and it accepts no money contributions. But it has almost as many friends as there are soldiers and sailors and marines and lieutenants and captains and majors and colonels and generals and bandmasters in all of Uncle Sam's fighting forces. And it has the approval and support of some of those branches of the national government which can be helpful to it, and the



Photo by White, N.Y.

MISS RAY C. SAWYER

"Musical godmother" to the Army and Navy

splendid co-operation of more than half a hundred leading music publishers in New York and other cities.

For Miss Sawyer is the "musical godmother" of the army and navy, and, with her one man, or rather one-woman, organization she has supplied popular music to all of Uncle Sam's

This is only one of hundreds of requests, and, in addition, she has had to reply to a large number of letters which came to her from soldier boys everywhere, telling of their deep gratitude for the opportunity to "hear real American music again," and from their officers for "the pleasure your work is affording the

men individually, and the great service you are doing your country in improving the morale of the men collectively in our combat divisions."

All this work has been done in the evening at her home, and with occasional assistance from her two sisters she has maintained an average of seventy-five packages of music of all kinds despatched each day. The music has been furnished to her without cost by the publishers, more than fifty of whom volunteered to supply hundreds of numbers just as soon as they came from the press.

"It is just wonderful, the success I have had," she said in telling of the work. "Everyone has done so much to help and there is so much appreciation everywhere my music has

gone. Of course I never could have done it without the assistance of the music publishers. They have been just splendid. They have given me everything I asked for and I certainly have asked for a great deal.

"This idea of mine was something like Topsy—it just grew. One day I was visiting one of the camps where a Brooklyn regiment was located, and was impressed by the markedly limited repertory of the regimental band. So I asked the



The famous minstrel troupe of the Hundred and sixty-first Infantry, composed of the personnel of the band. This regiment was a part of the famous Forty-first or Sunset Division. Being the first and original troupe of its kind, these minstrels of course made a big hit and toured the entire country as a unit

boys—Army, Navy and Marines, ashore and afloat—for bands, orchestras, pianos, glee clubs, quartets, or whatever they desire, whether in the front line trenches in France or Belgium, on battleships, destroyers, or transports, in the training camps in the United States, or in Hawaii or the Philippines, and even to the military band attached to the American Legation at Peking.

And she has done it alone—at home—after hours.

She has sent to various army camps and naval vessels and stations every month between nine thousand and ten thousand pieces of music arranged for bands and orchestras, between fifteen thousand and eighteen thousand pieces of sheet music, and five thousand moving picture slides with the choruses of popular songs to be shown in the moving picture theaters.

Following the publication in the European edition of the New York *Herald* of a news item describing her work, Miss Sawyer received a perfect avalanche of letters from men on the fighting front and in the training and rest camps of Europe appealing to her to add their respective organizations to her list. One of these letters, from an officer of General Pershing's old regiment, says the band is greatly in need of good music.

"At present," he wrote, "we are stationed in a large French city where we have an opportunity to give a lot of pleasure to the soldiers and the music-loving people by our concerts. Some of the men are under the impression that you have favored the band with music before, either in the Philippines or on the Mexican border. The men have a lot of pride in our band and we want it to be the best, so we ask that your good work be extended to this organization."



Here is Sergeant Frank Schwarz and his famous jazz band, who entertained the doughboys, somewhere in France. They have played only Miss Sawyer's selections since their organization

colonel, with whom I was talking, if his band could not learn some more popular airs, or if they had no more music. When he told me it was lack of music, the thought came to me like a flash, and I said, 'I'll tell you what I am going to do, colonel. I'm going to adopt your regimental band and supply them with all the popular music they need.'

"I was urged to form a real organization, a committee to help me handle the work. But I could not see why I should not do it alone. I enjoyed every minute of the work and it went along finely.

"And the satisfaction of it. Just see this letter which came to me," and she produced from a drawer in her desk an envelope with the ever familiar red triangular Y. M. C. A. mark in the corner. It was addressed in lead pencil to "An American Girl, Miss Ray C. Sawyer." The letter itself, which was also written in pencil, was dated "The Dugout—Somewhere in France," and read:

"We are in an isolated little dugout, up near the front line, and altho we have no piano, we have a fair quartet, and certainly would enjoy some music. Have not heard a new piece (American) for several months and would consider it a godsend if you would send us some new ragtime pieces. We have been here for some time and expect to be in and out for some time to come. Yours in hope."

"Well, they got their new ragtime pieces on the next steamer out, and maybe I didn't take a lot of satisfaction in thinking of what a less lonely place that 'isolated dugout' was when their quartet got to work," said Miss Sawyer.

There are hundreds of similar letters, all couched in the same tone. One among them is from the boys on a hospital train, asking for songs "with or without music," and another from a boy in a camp somewhere in France who says they have a piano, but have no sheet music. "Anything at all will do," he writes, "whether they are new or old—anything will be very much appreciated."

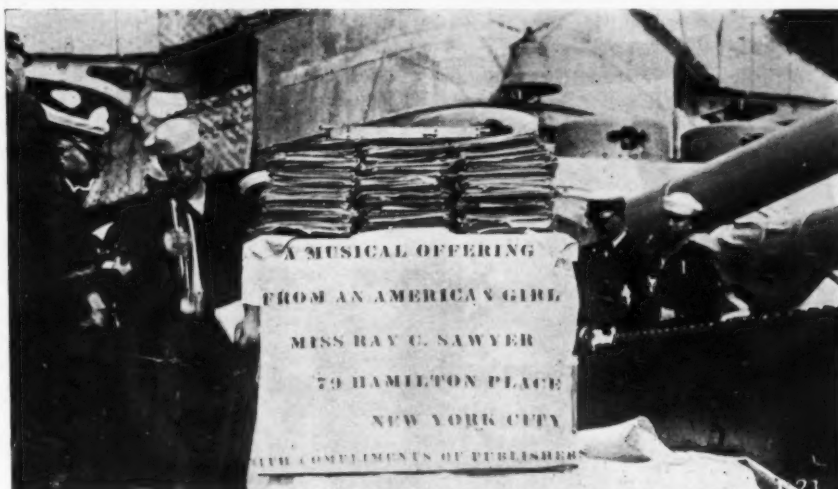
And there is a letter from the chaplain on a United States battleship, who wrote to express his appreciation of the splendid work: "I do not know how familiar you are with life aboard a United States battleship, but you must know something about it or else you have accidentally found one of our great needs. I am very proud of our band and do not think I am boasting when I say it is the best in the fleet, but until the big package came from you we had been greatly hampered by lack of music."

The much-prized letter of hearty commendation from the major general commanding the famous 26th Division admirably expresses the appreciation of the American doughboy for Miss Sawyer's unique efforts in their behalf.

HEADQUARTERS 26TH DIVISION AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE

My dear Miss Sawyer:

I cannot let this opportunity pass to express my deep gratitude for your kind thought of us in France. In America, where we have had so many luxuries affording enjoyment, a band has always been taken as a matter of course, to be worth listening to for a moment before we pass on to other pleasures. Do you know what a band—an American band, with new American music—means to us in France? I know that it is the one bright spot in the lives of thousands of men living in the mud, working in the mud, eating and sleeping in the mud, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, and at times for long periods under continuous gas or shrapnel fire. Even when the men leave the front-line trenches for the reserve battalions, except for letter-writing and the Y. M. C. A. huts, there is no recreation, no enjoyment.



Scene on board the United States steamship "Frederick" showing a recent shipment of music. All music shipped is stamped with name of sender as indicated on the notice shown in illustration

Their pleasure consists solely in doing their duty for their country without complaint. Can you imagine what the music of our bands must be to them, serving under these conditions? And you are supplying the music. You are providing us with the songs which gladden the hearts and keep up the spirits of these men, so far from their wives, mothers, and sweethearts, so far from the comforts of home.

Aside from the pleasure that your work is affording the men individually, you are doing a great service to your country in improving the morale of the men collectively, in our combat divisions. You are doing much to aid the United States and her allies in the fight against the philosophy of the Prussian. I can do no more than to express again my gratefulness for your well-conceived assistance to us and to your country.

Very sincerely,
(Signed) C. R. EDWARDS,
Major General Commanding.

Where Lincoln Stood

WHERE Lincoln stood upon the height alone,
And saw in dreams an empire at his feet
In the green wilderness of summer sweet,
There rises now a towering shaft of stone
As lofty as the spirit that no throne
Could make more kingly; glorious and complete
The cultured roses blossom in the heat

Where once the weed and creeper for their own
Claimed Mother Earth! O prophet, bard and seer,
This spot is sacred to your memory
Because your presence glorified its sod,
Your manhood shining like a beacon clear—
The love that stooped to all humanity,
The eagle faith that mounted up to God!

—Edward Wilbur Mason

Myron T's Spicy Sportorials

MYRON T! WHO IS HE?

Who hasn't heard of the only and original Myron T, of Boston, New York, London, and Los Angeles? Who? His sparkling sportographs have scintillated from Piccadilly Circus to Back Bay, to Hell's Gate, to San Francisco. If there's a fan in good old U.S.A. who hasn't chuckled over his peppery paragraphs—well, he isn't a big leaguer, that's all.

As Thomas Dreier hits out, his "devil-may-care style is human; it helps to make you laugh and think." Yes, to think seriously, for this international authority has a vital message to offer about the Americanization influences of athletic sports.

SAFETY FIRST!" quoth "Sunny Jim," so NATIONAL MAGAZINE's merry rhymster of the timester. G. Herb Palin, evens the score by taking four great big lusty swings at the sport offerings of that fellow-member of baseball's mystic brotherhood, Myron T., introducing the Spicy Sportorialist thusly:

I won't be base and ball you out,
As I should rightly do:
You wise old owl, you caught me "foul,"
But I can't "hit" at you.

* * * *

"Sports! sports-are good," hits back Ole Hanson. "Anything that makes working men happier is good. Baseball, you bet." Seattle's home-run mayor is most emphatic about the efficacy of athletic sports. He's a champion of outdoor and indoor games. "I. W. W. 'ism and baseball 'ism don't mix at all, at all," he cautions American business men.

* * * *

"Give us the Gaels for fighting spirit," says Manager McGraw of the Giants. "Irish may be agin the umpire, as they are agin the government, but sons of Erin are backbone of every winning club."

* * * *

"Nothing in this world's so good as warm fraternal brotherhood," pipes G. Herb Palin. Nothing, except an exciting ninth inning finish, with a base-runner on third, two out, and Capt. Tyrus Cobb at bat.

* * * *

"Jumping Jupiter! that jazz ball is the latest delivery," comments Kid Gleason of the Chicago White Sox. "It hops, drops, curves, swerves so no player can hit it."

* * * *

"Hit 'em where they ain't." Billy Keeler's proverb, is one of the classic sayings of baseball. Bill had brains enough to divine what kind of ball he was hitting at, and mental acumen enough to outguess the pitcher.

* * * *

Obsessed! Babe Ruth, Boston, fence buster, had the obsession that he was a greater outfielder than he was a pitcher. Manager Barrows is assigning his big star to box duty.

* * * *

"Baseball is a powerful antagonist of bad instincts" is Baron Pierre de Douterlin's contribution to the literature of the sport.

* * * *

Harvard's hero player, Captain Eddie Grant, who formerly starred for the New York Giants and the Cincinnati Reds, was the only prominent player to make the supreme sacrifice in the world war. Boston's favorite fell leading his men thru No Man's Land on his way to succor the "lost battalion."

* * * *

Arlie Latham, the old fun-maker of the diamond, bears one unique distinction. Arlie's the only ball player, living or dead, who has "fanned with a King." Baseball's buffoon and burlesque artist didn't have to lower his dignity to talk baseball with England's ruler. Mimic and monarch blabbed about balls and strikes before the admiring multitude.

"Go to ball games and enjoy yourself" is the cheery philosophy of America's leading laugh-smith and side-shaker, Chauncey M. Depew. Altho past eighty-six years young, the merry old-timer is still an ardent champion of out-of-door sports.

* * * *

Soxalexis! Ancient Indian chieftain who speared 'em for the Cleveland's many moons ago has not gone to his happy hunting grounds. No, he leads a care-free existence on his reservation at Oldtown, Maine.

* * * *

William Wrigley, Jr., of chewing gum fame, who has given so many millions salivic satisfaction, has purchased Catalina Island, California, for a little matter of three millions, and will erect thereon an ideal spring training camp for his Chicago Cubs. Wrigley is a thoro-going sportsman, who believes in rejuvenating his players with sun baths in the Pacific.

* * * *

"Never have I witnessed sports where the spirit of fairness and friendliness was so prominent," exclaimed General Pershing, after seeing American boxers in action in the roped arena. "Athletic sports accomplish much to cement friendship and to promote fairness and understanding between all classes of society" is the positive opinion of the commander-in-chief of the American forces.

* * * *

"French are the coming ball-players," says John T. Powers, Boston war worker. "Next to Americans, French boys have best eyes, and temperamentally they are suited to the trials of our national game. Quick-witted and clever manual performers," pipes Powers.

* * * *

Compulsory athletics for every American is Coach Al. Sharpe's, Yale, program to improve the physical efficiency of his countrymen.

* * * *

"Golfing keeps me young," sagely remarks John D. Rockefeller, the eighty-year-old youngster, who recently drove a golf ball three hundred yards at Ormond, Florida.

* * * *

"Americans didn't take sports seriously enough before the war," comments John Heydler, president of the National League. "Being a new country, they didn't appreciate the full value of baseball and kindred sports from a community, a state and a national standpoint. Work, work, work, was the old philosophy. In the new era work hard, play hard, will be the ideal of all."

"Be a ball man," urges Ban Johnson, president of the American League. "Play ball—baseball, golf ball, tennis ball, basketball, volley ball, medicine ball—play ball. Chase a ball two hours a day and you will never complain about physical ills. Ball playing is symbolic of life and energy. Play ball and be a healthy, happy, and hustling member of society."

* * * *

Paul Hayden, another merry rhymster, hits this home run with the bases full:

When the umpire is to blame,
And you want to make retort,
Just forget it and die game,
Be a sport, be a sport!"

People It Pays to Know

Samuel Winston Coffman, "Billy Sunday" of the Business World

By HARRY V. MARTIN



WHEN officers of the Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce decided recently that they were in urgent need of more members, they put in a call for Samuel Winston Coffman, of Cincinnati, the "Billy Sunday" of the business world. Coffman was given that title because he is applying some of the methods of the popular evangelist to his own work as an expert membership campaign manager.

Sunday saves souls by getting their owners to sing sacred songs; Coffman captures new members by getting old members to sing songs that are sacred to all Americans—songs such as the "Star Spangled Banner" and "America."

"There's nothing better than music to stir up the emotions," say Sunday and Coffman in chorus. "If we can induce people to burst into song, the rest is as difficult as eating strawberries and cream."

Coffman is first bass and manager of the Amphion Glee Club, famous quartet of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce. His regular job is auditor and purchasing agent of the Chamber of Commerce; his sidelines, membership campaigning and being president of a Kentucky oil company that is different from most oil companies inasmuch as it is producing oil.

Pittsburg first heard of him two years ago when he collected funds in Smoketown for the Ohio Valley Improvement Association, an organization which is working for the betterment of the Ohio River. But his fame as a campaigner had preceded him there, and so, in response to the solicitation of Sidney F. Heckert, chairman of the Membership Committee, in March, 1918, he began a ten days' intensive campaign, with the result that 1,100 new names were added to the 2,900 already on the roster of the Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce. This is declared by President Robert Garland to be a remarkable showing, considering that Pittsburgers were then preparing to launch the Third Liberty Loan campaign; the Salvation Army had begun a drive for \$75,000, and top of everything, each lucrative citizen was trying to solve a puzzle harder than any Sam Lloyd ever invented—to make out his income tax

report. Five hundred new members were all that the most sanguine campaigners expected.

There had never been any singing in the Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce until the Queen City warbler came. After the first noonday luncheon, he rounded up the workers of the fifteen teams—390 men—into the immense auditorium of 'Change and passed around among them printed cards bearing the words of patriotic melodies. The crowd wondered what it was all about and had an idea that this chap from the West was trying to kid them. Then he mounted the stage and began to sing the opening verse of "America." Reaching the chorus,

he paused. "All together, now!" he cried. "All together, fellows. 'My country, 'tis of thee—'"

How those tired business men, many of whom hadn't sung a note since they were little tads, made that big hall tremble. "But it was good music," Coffman observed, "and they sang from the heart."

Following that they rendered "Keep the Home Fires Burning," which proved to be one of the most popular songs of the entire campaign; they vocally agreed to "Let's All Be Americans Now," chirruped "Good-bye, Broadway, Hello France," and finished magnificently with the grand old "Star Spangled Banner."

When they were thru, those men were ready to invest their combined capital in Liberty Bonds, to help out the Red Cross with all the money they could borrow, and to enroll new members for the Chamber of Commerce, even if they had to make them the victims of a gas attack (which they did).

The song-fests grew to be as fashionable as the new Yankee outdoor sport of making the Kaiser see stars and putting him in stripes. The singing campaign was a glorious success.

His experience in Cincinnati has taught Coffman the value of community singing at public meetings. This ceased to be a novelty years ago. Always a musical town, Cincinnati boasts of the greatest May Festival in America, and of one of the finest symphony orchestras in the world, directed by Eugene Ysaye, a celebrated violinist.

Almost everybody sings in Cincinnati. The city is filled



Photo by Young & Carl SAMUEL W. COFFMAN "IN ACTION"



CHARLES HENRY MACKINTOSH

with Carusos and Galli-Curcis in-the-making—or breaking. Cincinnati sang herself far over her quota in the four Liberty Loan campaigns. In the third campaign she was the second municipality of five hundred thousand or more population to reach the goal, being beaten only by Detroit. Thus Cincinnati established the reputation of being one hundred per cent patriotic, notwithstanding that a majority of Cincinnatians are of German or Austro-Hungarian ancestry.

Coffman first-based for the Red Cross during its crusades in his home town. Cincinnati was given a week in which to obtain her quota of \$1,250,000 for the greatest of charities. She raised it in exactly two days and a half.

Charles Henry Mackintosh

English-born Scot-American of Duluth

OUT in Minnesota there's a city which, because of two distinctly individual characteristics, is forever distinguished from other cities. Duluth, built on a bluff—but far from being a "bluff" in the great "American" sense of the word—is usually remembered by its familiars for its terraced streets, its precipitous highways and by-ways. Another strictly Duluthian possession is a contrivance, a sort of half-bridge, suspended by cable from said bluffs, which moves transportation and the like back and forth across the river. The city itself impresses by its wide-awakeness, its essential quality of the live wire, which means, of course, a citizenship composed of highly-energized individuals.

Arriving in Duluth, especially during the progress of some civic or patriotic movement, one was wont in the several years just passed, to hear frequently and on all sides the name of Charles Henry Mackintosh. It was Mackintosh this and Mackintosh that, until one could almost believe that this fellow Mackintosh was quite the *entire cheese* in Duluth. To the

"Who is Sylvia, what is she?" query, came answers so numerous; the man was assigned so many qualities and capabilities that confusion followed. Can this be one man, puzzled the stranger—or ten?

But meet Charles Henry Mackintosh and all doubts are dissipated instantly. It is then easily understood how one man may take hold of a townful of people and twist them around his little finger, so to speak. Duluthians were always ready to dance to his fiddling, for they soon came to know that such fiddling invariably redounded to the good of Duluth—*ergo*, their own good.

Charles Henry Mackintosh strikes one as being typically American. And, even tho he *was* born in England of Scotch parents from an Irish abode, even tho he *did* live for a while in France and later in Canada, he is none the less typically American. He is possessed of the combined characteristics of which we United Staters are wont to claim the monopoly—therefore he's a typical American.

Primarily a writer of business-building and business-producing literature, Charles Henry Mackintosh has been editor of numerous publications along industrial lines. His business essays and philosophies, as well as his verse, have created for him a niche all his own in the advertising world. Why "all his own"? Well, just because Charles Henry Mackintosh is just a shade different from anybody else you ever knew. He can be relied upon to say, think, and write the unexpected. Even his vocabulary is unique; for example, he once gave his idea of Christmas as "going home and having a charlesdickens of a time." Now, who else in the world would have thought of saying just that? On the other hand, who of us would have to think more than twice to perfectly grasp his meaning? Once upon a time the editor of *Scoop* (now *The Dead Line*) characterized him as "the choicest combination of business idealism and practical sense now in action."

Charles Henry has realized the ambition of the proverbial small boy in that he has been president a good many times in his day. Not yet of the United States, to be sure, but of several organizations slightly less important in the general scheme of being and doing. For instance, he has been president of the *House Organ* editors, and president of the Direct Mail Advertising Association, thus it is easy to comprehend the place he occupies in advertising's "who's what."

One of his epoch-making achievements was with *Logging*, which, for want of a better term, must be characterized as the house organ of the Clyde Iron Works at Duluth. Concerns interested in the equipment made and sold by this company were located in all parts of the then civilized world. What would have been impossible for thirty traveling men to accomplish, *i. e.*, keep in touch with the trade—Mackintosh did with *Logging*. The Clyde Iron Works employed traveling men, not to develop prospects or to coax clients—*Logging* did all that—but merely to close deals.

Because *Logging* was read, it took the place of twenty traveling men. And *Logging* was read—due to the editorship and writings therein of Charles Henry. He followed faithfully his own definition of the three essentials to good advertising:

To have the goods;

To tell the truth about them;

To see them from the other fellow's standpoint.

The rest, he says, is "simply technique." And his own technique consists, primarily, of his ability to write, just like he'd sit down and talk, one good fellow to another.

As it has been from the beginning, however, the old order changeth. Charles Henry Mackintosh is no more to be found within the confines of Duluth. George Creel, with his invariable knack of picking the right man for a certain piece of work, brought him over to Washington and placed him in the chair marked "National Editor of the *Four-Minute-Men*, Committee on Public Information." To this distinction was afterwards added that of associate national director of *Four-Minute-Men*.

We may not be master of our daily work, but we are at least master of the spirit in which we do it.

—HUGH BLACK.

Texas as a Steel Producer

Progress of the Texas Steel Company Means Huge Development

By EVERETT LLOYD



WITH the new industry, namely, the manufacture on an extensive commercial basis of pig iron and steel by-products, vast possibilities and potentialities have come into existence in Texas.

This new development represents nearly ten years' work on the part of Colonel L. P. Featherstone and associates in creating and perfecting the Texas Steel Company—an institution that probably means more to the industrial progress of the Southwest than any other, not excepting even the recent oil expansion.

Experienced steel men see in this wonderful development a repetition of the history of Birmingham and Pittsburg, two cities that were transformed almost overnight as the result of the steel industry. The Texas Steel Company owns outright its ore

ore, which is awaiting only to be mined. The company recently opened the first of three plants at Rusk, Texas, and is projecting plans for the building of a large steel mill at Beaumont, where the finished steel product will be manufactured.

Ever since this development was first inaugurated railroad

connections have been built and other lines improved to handle the ore and the manufactured product. Deep waterways have been improved which will insure cheap and dependable transportation from the blast furnaces to the steel mill, thence to all railroad and waterway connections.

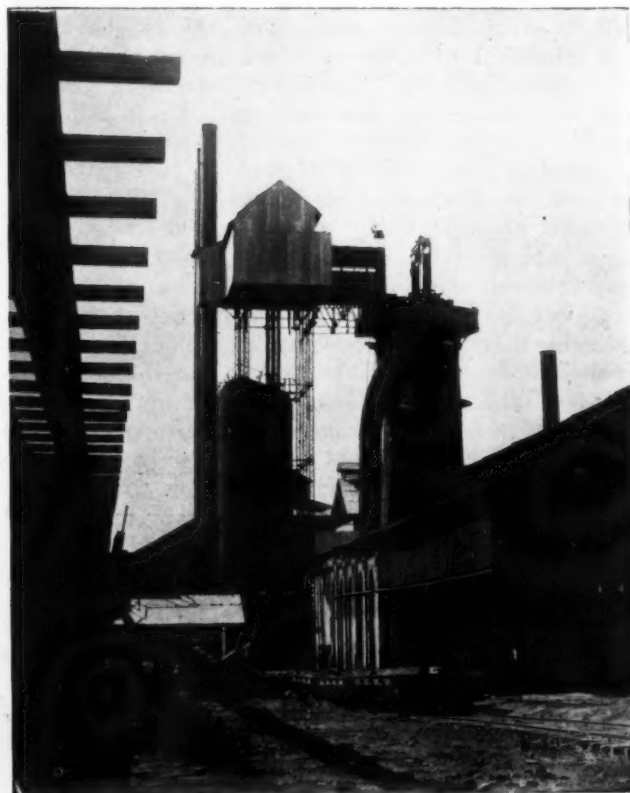
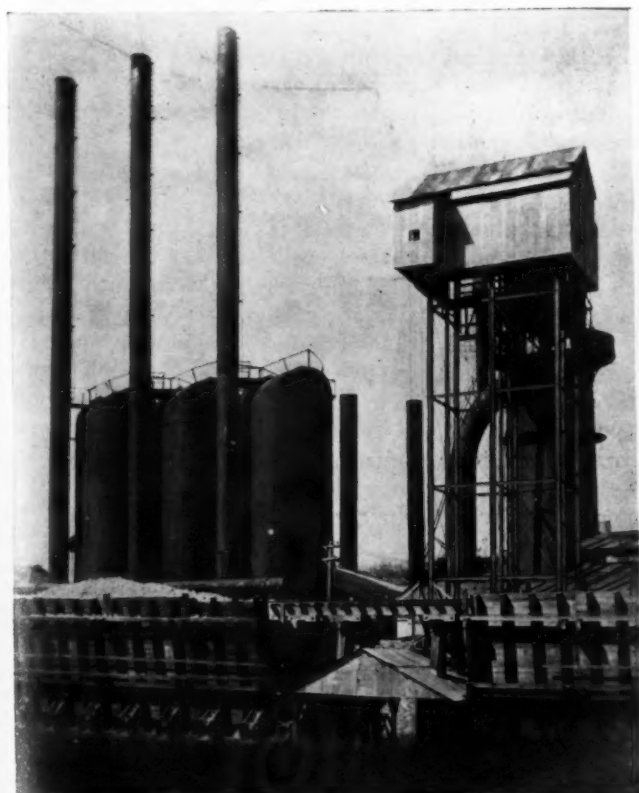
The men behind the Texas Steel Company are builders of reputation and achievement, and are beginning to see their dreams fulfilled. Steel buyers

and manufacturers are authorities for the statement that Texas steel and pig iron is superior to

(Continued on page 283)



REAR VIEW OF FURNACE AND POWER PLANT OF THE TEXAS STEEL COMPANY



FURNACES AND PIPE WORKS OF THE TEXAS STEEL COMPANY AT RUSK, TEXAS, SHOWING FIRST UNIT OF NEW STEEL CENTER

Why Men of Today Lack Physical Strength and Endurance Which Gave Mighty Power To Athletes of Old

Physician Says Iron Deficiency in Blood of American Men and Women is Not Only Greatest Curse to Nation's Health, but is Often Responsible for Failure in Business, Lack of Will Power and Physical and Mental Decay—Explains How Organic Iron—Nuxated Iron—Helps Put Renewed Vim and Energy into the Veins of the Weak, Nervous, and Run-Down.

The great power and vigor of the athletes of ancient times was probably due to the rigorous outdoor life they led and the large amount of iron obtained from their coarse foods, is the opinion of Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. Men like Hercules, Sampson, and Atlas were all noted as men of blood and iron, and Dr. Sullivan believes that if the men of today who are fagged out because of worry, work, and other strains, could follow the same methods of living as the athletes of olden times, they might readily build up their strength and energy by increasing the supply of iron in their blood.

In explaining why he regards iron as absolutely essential to the greatest development of physical and mental power, Dr. Sullivan says: "Modern methods of cooking and the rapid pace at which people of this country live has made an alarming increase in iron deficiency in the blood of American men and women. I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of physicians making blood examinations of their weak, anaemic, run-down patients. Thousands of persons go on year after year suffering from physical weakness and a highly nervous condition due to lack of sufficient iron in their red blood corpuscles without ever realizing the real and true cause of their trouble. Lack of iron in the blood not only makes a man a physical and mental weakling, nervous, irritable, and easily fatigued, but it utterly robs him of that virile force, that stamina and strength of will which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life.

"In my opinion the men of today who want to be strong, sturdy and successful, must either live more as did the athletes of old, or else supply the iron deficiency in their blood by taking some form of organic iron—Nuxated Iron. I have

used Nuxated Iron in my own practice and I know of nothing more effective for building up the system and increasing the red blood corpuscles, thereby enriching and fortifying the blood against the ravages of disease."

Dr. T. Alphonsus Wallace, physician of many years' experience and formerly of the British Naval Medical Service, says, "Living in the open, eating coarse food and leading regular lives make blood rich in strength-giving iron. But this opportunity for building up health is not open to thousands of men and women in civil life whose wearing tasks and iron-impooverished foods sap their energy and vitality, make them weak, anaemic, and run-down, and often cause their blood to literally starve for want of iron. Without iron there can be no strong, red-blooded men or healthy, rosy-cheeked women, and unless this strength-giving iron is obtained from the foods we eat, it must be supplied in some form that is easily absorbed and assimilated. For this purpose I always recommend organic iron—which I have used with such successful results that I am absolutely convinced of its effectiveness for helping to build red blood, strength and endurance."



Every man of today who is not strong or well owes it to himself to make the following test:

See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two 5-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Nuxated Iron will increase the strength, power, and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time in many instances.

Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon, Monmouth Memorial Hospital of New Jersey, says: "The fact that Nuxated Iron is today being used by over three million people annually as a tonic, strength and blood-builder, is in itself an evidence of tremendous public confidence, and I am convinced that if others would take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak and run-down, it would help make a nation of stronger, healthier men and women."

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended by physicians, and which is now being used by over three million people annually, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser, or they will refund your money. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.

Osteopathy

The Science of Healing by Adjustment—Some Practical Facts About Osteopathy—Human Body is Vital Machine

Osteopathy is based upon the theory that the human machine properly fed, clothed, and cared for will run without friction, if it is kept in perfect adjustment. It is part of the duty of any physician to see that the bodies of those under his professional care are well looked after in a hygienic manner. The osteopathic physician, in addition to doing this, is unique in looking for and correcting those maladjustments in the mechanism that interfere with the normal functions of the body. When these exist, it is clear that no amount of tinkering with drugs will avail to produce permanent cure. That they do exist in a vast number of cases is evident by the large number of chronic cases that have failed to yield to other treatment. Every year the number is increasing of those who see the reasonableness of osteopathic theories. Yet, since it is comparatively a new system, there are many things about it not generally understood.

OSTEOPATHIC TREATMENT NOT SEVERE

Strange as it may appear to those who have had experience with Osteopathy, there are some who think it is only the robust who can "stand the treatment." As a matter of fact it is the machine that is out of running that needs to be adjusted. The beneficial effects are for the babe, the weak, and the aged. Properly administered, the treatment relieves pain and has a tonic effect.

Others can see how chronic diseases are benefited, but do not understand how acute ailments are helped. It is a fact that some of the most brilliant achievements of Osteopathy have been in acute ailments. An agency that is effective in subduing a conflagration will not fail to extinguish the spark.

OSTEOPATHIC TREATMENT NOT MASSAGE

Because the treatment is administered with the hand of the osteopathic physician, some have presumed that his treatment is massage. Except for the fact that the hands are used in each, there is no comparison between Osteopathy and massage. The masseur taps, rubs, strokes and kneads the tissue. The osteopathic physician adjusts misplacements. It is probable that the confounding of the one with the other has caused those not familiar with Osteopathy to imagine that the osteopathic physician works upon the nude body. As a matter of fact, his treatments are given thru thin, loose garments. There is no exposure of the body to which anyone could object. The osteopathic physician charges for his services no less than any other physician. But, when results are taken into account, and when it is further considered that there are no heavy drug bills to pay, it is found that osteopathic treatment is more economical than any other kind that is to be had, notwithstanding the fact that there seems to be a popular belief that the treatment is expensive.

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Among the Books

Lieutenant Curtis Wheeler, whose "Letters from an American Soldier to His Father" made such a charming impression when published not long ago, has been twice cited, once for "exceptionally meritorious and conspicuous service" and again for "distinguished and exceptional gallantry." Lieutenant Wheeler is still with the A. E. F.

Several years ago Earl Biggers wrote a novel and gave it the fantastic title, "Seven Keys to Baldpate." When his publishers came to consider the title they decided that it was either good enough or bad enough to attract attention, and that it didn't make much difference which. The book was a success, so was the title. George

Cohan dramatized the story, the movies grabbed it, a hair tonic manufacturer saw its possibilities, and now an imaginative, and no doubt literary, innkeeper, out in the Rocky Mountains, has opened a Baldpate Inn. In his advertising folders he says: "Your supposition is correct! We took the name from Earl Derr Biggers' immensely successful story, play and photoplay." Biggers apparently builded a better Inn than he knew.

A new novel by that very delightful writer, Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, is announced for early publication. It is entitled "The Starling," from Sterne's famous line, "'I can't get out, I can't get out,' cried the Starling." Mrs. Tompkins is one of the few American authors whose novels have spiritual significance, and are, at the same time, popular.

Samuel Merwin, collaborating with Peggy Wood, the talented young actress, has written a play that the Schuberts have accepted for early production. A name has not been chosen, or, at least, not disclosed, but the producers are enthusiastic over the play and do not deny that it is to be used in launching Miss Wood as a star.

Mr. Merwin has also a new novel ready for fall appearance, entitled "The Passionate Pilgrim."

Talbot Mundy's publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, have taken over the plates of his first success, "Rung Ho," so that all Mundy's work is now in their hands. They also announce a new story, entitled "The Ivory Trail," for early publication. The scene is laid in Africa.

In the Press Gallery Where Dickens Wrote

Continued from page 262

and chooses and alters his words and phrases as he goes, and is ever on the alert to catch and answer any interruption, thereby adding to his dialectical triumphs at the expense of his smoothness of utterance; but my personal experience of this speaker was gained too long ago for me to say that this description would apply at the present day.

It is to be hoped now that the war is over the British Parliament will be a new and better place; for with all our pride in the "Mother of Parliaments," we must admit that it has been too slowly responsive to the national needs. It took far too long to pass the Mines, the Factory, the Education and the Health acts, which rescued children and adults alike from a life of little better than slavery, and it is still, in ordinary times, unable to pass promptly other measures of social amelioration, because of its antiquated rules by which it is possible for opponents of one bill to keep it back by prolonging discussion on another. In a previous century a Parliamentary reformer used to advocate compulsory attendance of all members thruout the debates. It is hard to imagine our sturdy legislators submitting to a discipline so strict. But, if they would accept such a rule, we should have in full and animated Houses, eager to get thru their business in a businesslike way, and in a reasonable time, the best guarantee of quick progress and wise decision.

Yours with kind regards,
ALEX. PAUL.

Texas as a Steel Producer

Continued from page 281

Alabama steel or that mined in the Lake Superior region, the Texas product assaying from forty to sixty per cent metallic content. The Texas Steel Company owns and operates its own coal and coke mines, tramways, railroad connections and wharves; and, according to estimates, has sufficient ore to last for fifty years. The main plant at Beaumont utilizes a site of 266 acres. From this site waterways form a continuous connection

thru the Intercoastal Canal to New Orleans, thence to Mobile. This insures perfect transportation facilities the year round at one-fourth the cost of rail transportation.

The ore fields proper are traversed by two railroad lines, affording direct connection with the steel mill at Beaumont. The Rusk plants have a daily capacity of one hundred tons of pig iron and sixty tons of cast-iron pipe. The demand in Texas alone for these two items will more than absorb the total output of both plants.

The Texas Steel Company began operation in March with nearly seven million dollars excess assets over liabilities and reserve, together with certain other assets in the way of nearness to markets, low tariffs, advantages over outside competitors, and nearly twenty million tons of available commercial ore.

Unlike most other Texas industrial enterprises, the Texas Steel Company is almost exclusively a Texas concern, financed and operated by Texas capital and Texas people, who have faith in the Texas iron industry. Surely few enterprises have begun operations under more favorable conditions or at a more propitious time.

Exposition of the Department of the Interior

Continued from page 251

our hope of farms for returned soldiers. The third work of art is the figure of a soldier newly come back from France, a statue by Dallin, the Utah sculptor, who has eternally memorialized the American Indian. Look on that boy. He has thrown off his coat and his sleeves are rolled back. He is ready for work. See his outstretched arms, and look into his handsome face. He is standing once more on American soil and is saying 'This land is mine. I have seen other lands and have fought for their safety. I have seen their life and learned the ways of their people. I know their spirit and I have seen their struggle. But they are not for me. This land is mine.' Look at the smile on his lips—not on his lips alone—but radiating from every line on his face. See the light of hope in his eye and the pride in the carriage of his head. With arms widely spread he looks upon America, and all the affection and pride and loyalty of his manly nature express themselves. He has done his task abroad and his sleeves are rolled back ready for the great challenge of this country. He is 'Young America.' He knows that this is not a land of ease. He does not ask Fortune to drop her golden apples in his lap. He is willing to work. He has found his way thru barbed-wire and the mazes of the miry trenches to gain his objectives in the struggle of war, and he can do as much in the struggle of peace. Here he is free, his own master. He can see himself rise as others have risen, and he is eager to get into this new struggle. For before him lies a land that is as young as he is, his very mate. He is up-standing, he does not slump into dejection because this is not the best of all possible lands; his head is high, his frame is firm, his hands are strong, and again be it noted, his sleeves are rolled back—he will make this land what his heart wants it to be. Remark that there is no cunning in his look; he can play the game square, and one can see that he will ask what he is willing to give. He has no wings, firmly his feet are planted; he knows well the difference between fancy and fact. His eyes do not look into the sky, but straight into yours, for you are his brother and comrade in the making of America."

The American Creed

To do my best and play my part,
AMERICAN in mind and heart;
To serve the flag and bravely stand
To guard the glory of my land;
To be AMERICAN in deed—
God grant me strength to keep this creed.

—Anonymous.

Affairs and Folks

Continued from page 271

Carefully analyzed, this remarkable situation shows that, altho a combination of important factors is responsible for America's tremendous exports in office equipment and supplies, none has been more important than the representative trade paper of that industry—*Typewriter Topics*, the International Office Equipment magazine, the first American trade journal to open a European branch. For fifteen years this distinctive periodical has devoted the major part of its efforts to the furtherance and extension of the American office equipment industry in foreign fields.

Much of the prestige of *Topics*, as it is universally known, is due to Mr. William Schulhof, business manager at the New York headquarters. In his several years' affiliation with this magazine, this young man has probably done more to widen the scope of American office equipment in foreign fields than any other single agency. This fact is known the world over, and his success is attributed to the Service Bureau which he initiated and developed, the object being to bring into commercial contact with each other the American office equipment manufacturer and the foreign-buying dealer and agent. Mr. Schulhof has accomplished this in no uncertain manner, the proof being that he receives hundreds of business opportunities from the foreign fields each month, which he promptly turns over to his advertisers. He has the further distinction of meeting an average of seventy-five different foreign agents and buyers each month on their regular visits to the States. Thru his efforts hundreds of valuable agencies have been successfully negotiated, thousands of large orders placed, and millions of dollars' worth of office equipment shipped abroad.

Typewriter Topics has an enormous circulation abroad, which has enabled Mr. Schulhof to sell a huge amount of advertising space, which he absolutely maintains is his one and only conscientious source of revenue. His friends in the office supply industry are real friends and are numbered by the thousands, because he has unselfishly and tirelessly worked in their interests. The fascination of his work grips him, and he loves it. Tho still well under thirty, Mr. Schulhof is rated among the best-informed men on the ever-important subject of foreign trade.

Vitalized Agriculture—What Is It?

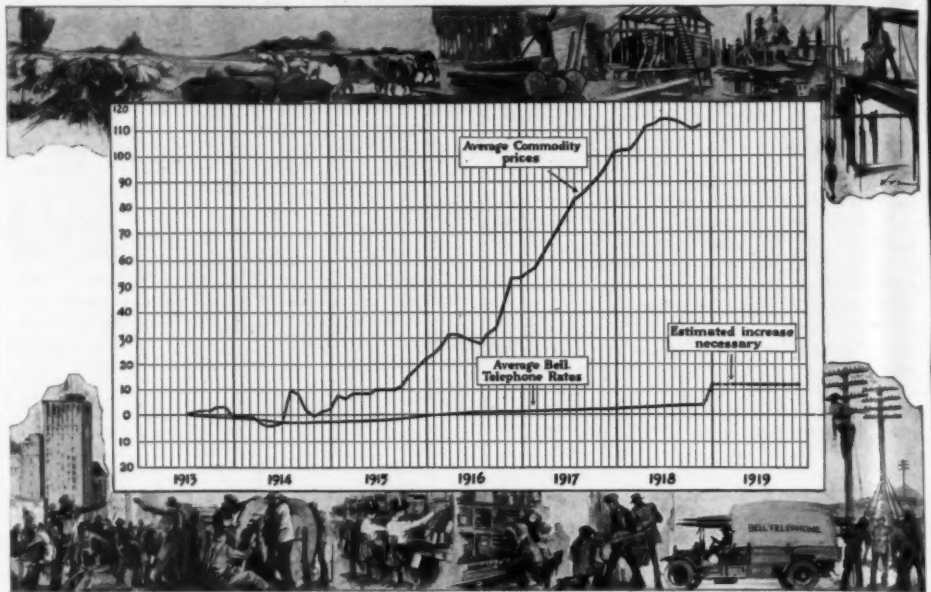
Continued from page 274

enough corn to plant their entire acreage. Several others are doing likewise. Besides this, other farmers of the district are testing their seed corn for the first time. Every one of the eleven agricultural pupils and some of the smaller pupils have tested seed corn for their fathers. The fourth-grade children were continually asking if I thought they were going to pass so that they could take agriculture next year.

"As I am not going to teach next year, they have been worried and anxious to know whom they will have for a teacher, because they want one who can teach the new agriculture."

One educator thus summarizes the whole matter:

"Professor Holden's new plan for teaching in rural schools exalts the common and the necessary, which has hitherto been almost entirely rejected by educational builders, but which by this man have been made the capital stone of the corner of the educational temple. When others have chosen the aesthetic, the cultural, the theoretical as both the means and the ends of education, Professor Holden has chosen the things of everyday life. He has presented them in so forceful a manner that the common acts of tying a knot, threading a needle, or sharpening a stake awaken the keenest interest, and, like keys, unlock the door of the mind, permitting the entrance of helpful practical knowledge."



A Comparison of Costs

A graphic picture of the high cost of doing business is shown by the rise in a long list of commodity prices during the past five strenuous years.

By the exercise of unparalleled economies, telephone rates have been kept almost unchanged.

The fact is, the increase in the cost of commodities has resulted in what is equal to a decrease in telephone rates. In other words: The dollar which was spent for the telephone has bought more than twice as much as the dollar spent for the commodity.

The activities of reconstruction which are now upon the nation have put a great burden upon the telephone. This condition has made necessary an advance in telephone rates.

This advance does not exceed an average of eight percent; almost negligible as compared with the advances in other lines of industry, yet enough to cover the increase in the cost of operation.

Only through adequate revenue can there be assured the maintenance of a high standard of telephone service.



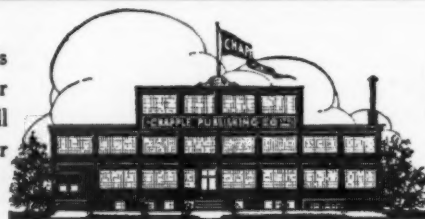
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A National Industrial Peace Conference

Continued from page 272

of the industrial strength and importance of each state, as may be determined by census reports.

The best method of selecting the delegates would seem to be by gubernatorial appointment. The chief executive of each state should not only be impressed with the extreme importance of the movement, but should also be asked to confer carefully with the industrial and labor interests of his commonwealth before making a selection. The men selected in every case ought to be really representative, thoughtful, far-seeing citizens—not extremists of either class. The states can well afford to provide for the expenses of their several delegates.

The place for holding the conference may be named in a call to be issued by the Secretary of Labor, provided Mr. Wilson decides to act, or it might be left to a vote of the governors.

In order to accomplish anything of real value, a National Industrial Peace Conference should arrange to be in session for a month or more. It should, immediately after organization, assume the character of a deliberative body, with very little preliminary speech-making.

A tentative program, with an outline of the general subjects to be considered, may be given by the Secretary of Labor in his call. This would assist the conference in quickly getting down to work. Its membership may be divided into committees or commissions, each one being directed to consider all phases of some specific industrial problem and to report back to the conference a program or method for its solution to be ratified in general assembly.

It is believed that no thoughtful citizen, giving due consideration to this entire suggestion, will for a moment doubt its great advantages and immense possibilities. While the conclusions of a National Industrial Peace Conference would not in themselves be authoritative in character, they would be of the greatest moral consequence and of far-reaching influence. They might, perhaps, pave the way to necessary legislation which, in the writer's humble opinion, offers the only effective and permanent solution for most, if not all, of the serious industrial problems we are now facing. This, in fact, would probably be the big question of the conference.

But just imagine a forum of this character for discussion of child labor laws, of the principles of arbitration, of the mutual relations of employers and employees—in fact, of the hundred and one questions which are creating friction, strikes, and economic loss in this land today.

Tho not in any sense legally bound by the conclusions of such a conference, would any considerable element on either side of the question be foolish enough to fly in the face of the public sentiment it would create?

There will, of course, be opponents of the plan. On the one hand there will be the timorous ones of the employing class, who will fear that support of this proposal will be for them equivalent to sowing the dragon's teeth. On the other side there will be those who are seeking to distort the true philosophy and spirit of the labor movement, to convert organized labor into a purely political force, and then to use it for their own ends. These two classes will oppose any fair, get-together proposal.

But the fair and just man—the real American—whether employer or employe, will hail the inauguration of any movement which seeks a better understanding between the two great elements of industry, which will bring us nearer to the day of a permanent industrial peace.



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Cambridge, Mass.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

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Use Kintho at the first sign of freckles, applying night and morning, and you should be delighted to see how rapidly these ugly spots begin to disappear. It is also well to use Kintho Soap, as this helps to keep the skin clear and youthful.

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How America Was Safeguarded

Continued from
page 252

from which they were taken. Perhaps a dictagraph is installed. But the search has been made without a search warrant. That would have "queered" the case. In the Central office a card is added, cross-indexed by name and number and also under a general guide. Nothing else happens, just yet, and Biedermacher is still watched, both day and night.

Then one morning an officer of the Department of Justice finds Mr. Biedermacher in his office. He takes from his pocket a folded paper and says, "In the name of the United States, I demand possession of a letter dated the twelfth of last month which you wrote to von Bernstorff in New York. I want a letter of the fifteenth of this month you wrote to von Papen in Berlin. I want your list of the names of the United Sangerbund in America which you brought home from your last meeting. I want the papers showing the sums you have received in New York and Washington for your propaganda work here—and so—"

"But, my God," says Biedermacher, "what do you mean? I have no such letters here or anywhere else. I am innocent, I am as good an American as you are. I have bought a hundred thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds, some of each issue. My wife is in the Red Cross. I have a daughter in the Y. W. C. A. I give to all the war charities. I am an American citizen. What do you mean by insulting me in this way, sir?"

"John," says the officer to his drayman, "go to that desk, take out all the papers in it. Here's the United States warrant, Mr. Biedermacher. Rope 'em up, John!"

Later, as Biedermacher tries to leave town, he is seized. Nothing gets into the papers. No one talks, but Biedermacher's big offices are closed. Biedermacher's wife says her husband has gone South for his health. He has—to Oglethorpe. And this is one case of millions in which the Department of Justice and the American Protective League worked together.

The tales of the various activities of the different American cities make us pause. Is it, indeed, the truth that Americans do not know their own country? Brief statistics gleaned from the bulky single-spaced reports from the various cities should make us stop and reflect. The following shows approximated figures from the various cities. This includes cases handled for the Department of Justice: Cases of alien enemy activities, citizen disloyalties and sedition, radical organizations. For the War Department: Counter-espionage for military intelligence, selective service regulations, slacker raids, etc., investigations of character and loyalty, liquor and vice in training camps. For the Navy Department: Counter-espionage for naval intelligence, including wireless, lights and other signalling to submarines; investigation of hoarding, destruction, waste and profiteering for the Food and Fuel Administration, and other services rendered to the State Department, Treasury Department, United States Shipping Board, and also federal and other miscellaneous investigations.

Chicago	99,175
New York	88,877
Philadelphia	18,275
Newark	13,576
Boston	8,944
Cleveland	60,715
Cincinnati	31,518
Dayton	6,118
Detroit	30,056
St. Louis	11,999
Minneapolis	15,415
New Orleans	35,000

In the final chapter, as well as in the introduction, author Emerson Hough sounds a sharp warning against Bolshevism. "A. P. L." he says, "has folded its unseen and unknown tents. It will bivouac elsewhere until another day of need may come. Then be sure, it will be ready. Bolshevism is what the whole world is fearing today. There are troublesome days of recon-

struction ahead. It will require a united America to face them successfully." In conclusion he says: "The old oath of the American Protective League exists no more. The silent army has disbanded. But now it remains the privilege of each of those men, and their sons and brothers, to enlist again in a yet greater army, and to swear

a yet greater oath, each for himself at his own bedside, gravely and solemnly:

"This is my country. I have no other country. I swear to be loyal to her always, to protect her and to defend her always and in all ways. In my heart this is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help me God."

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